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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Quietly by Potomac thy tomb, Mount Vernon, lies—
Dust is thy mighty chieftain, and darkness veils his eyes;
He sleeps alone in silence, unbroken by thy wave,
Which, rolling toward the Chesapeake, murmurs apast his grave.

Dust is his hand, and ashes are on his lofty brow
Of all the hosts who followed, none sleep beside him now;
But silently affd grandly a king he lies at rest
Within the soil whose freedom followed to his behest.

No minster transept o'er him echoes the curious tread,
But Spring breaks forth in beauty above a nation's dead;
Softly the breath of nature breathes on the hallowed sod,
And sunny skies above him beam with the smile of God.

Here sleep the world's ambitions, far from its crowds apart—
The earth, our common mother, holds him within her heart;
And folding him so closely, as if she loved him best,
In every low-breathed whisper she gives a sense of rest.

As though within her keeping, holding a form sublime,
The form of one whose actions shall live through coming time,
Keeping the treasure sacred, her inmost senses thrill,
And, awed almost to silence, her voice is hushed and still.

Within the soil of freedom, the land which gave him birth,
'Twas fitting they should lay him, this hallowed earth to earth.
No monument of grandeur, no storied pile apart,
Is here for one whose tablet lies in a nation's heart.

Here to thy grave, O chieftain! the centuries shall come,
But not with clang of armor, and not with tap of drum;
The nations shall remember, until all time shall cease,
Though thou wert first in battle, thou still wert first in peace.

A hundred years of freedom we lay beside thy grave—
The grateful people bring thee the gift thy hand first gave;
The world has twined thy laurel, the world has wreathed thy bay—
We humbly bring the tribute on this, thy natal day.

A hundred years of freedom! Millennial be the dawn,
And still be unforgotten the life on this day born;
And still let bells of freedom thy birthday grandly ring
A nation's grateful tribute above its uncrowned king.

Still where Potomac's waters sweep smoothly to the sea,
Bearing the flag of freedom, the commerce of the free,
Sleep softly, Christian warrior—thy noble race is run,
No royal minster holdeth dust like that of Washington.

FROMENT & RISLER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[The French Academy, Paris, awarded its Medal for Literary Excellence in 1875 to M. Daudet because of this story, which within six months reached its Eighth Edition.]

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

REAL PEARLS AND FALSE.

"What is the matter with her? What have I done to her?" Claire Froment often asks herself in thinking of Sydonie.

She was in utter ignorance of what had passed between her friend and George at Savigny. Her own soul was so pure and lofty that she could not divine the low and base ambition which had sprung up in the bosom of the girl she had befriended for fifteen years; but the cold look on Sydonie's face when she smiled at her troubled her without her understanding it.

A cool politeness, singular between people who had been friends in childhood, was suddenly displaced by badly-concealed rage on Sydonie's part, and rendered Claire speechless with amazement and confusion. Sometimes a presentiment of evil took possession, an intuition of impending misery and misfortune seized her. Women are almost clairvoyant in their intuitions, and Claire was filled with disgust and vague apprehensions.

Still, while Sydonie's caprices pained her old and unchanged friend, Claire was so occupied with the care of her baby, the affection of her husband, the comfort her widowed mother, that she had hardly time to be astonished even at Sydonie's marriage with a man so much older than herself. So far from being annoyed that the young girl had attained such a position, almost equal to her own, she was glad of it, and tried with gentleness and affection to instruct her in the ways of the polite and fashionable world. Here was where she made a mistake; one young and pretty woman does not accept advice with a good grace from another young and pretty woman. For instance, the day of the wedding-dinner Madame Froment took Madame Risler aside and said kindly:

"Do not be angry; but with a high-necked dress ladies do not wear flowers in their hair."

Sydonie blushed and thanked her, but in the bottom of her heart wrote one more grievance against her. Besides, in Claire's set, Sydonie had been very coldly received. They would not forget that she had been a shop-girl. She felt that she was examined, criticised, and was obliged to arm for war.

Claire tried to hold her in the same place with herself with a hand always open; but, truth to tell, many of the ladies found Sydonie too pretty, and did not want her to enter their set; others, proud of the position of their husbands, or of their wealth, were condescendingly polite to the little parvenue. Sydonie called all Claire's friends her enemies. The two partners never suspected that anything was amiss between their wives.

Risler, absorbed in his new invention, often remained in the manufactory until midnight. Froment passed his time outside, dined at his club, and was never at his place of business. He had his reasons for so doing. The neighborhood of Sidonie troubled him. The passionate love he had borne her, which he had been obliged to sacrifice in obedience to the last wishes of his uncle, he remembered with regret. Feeling himself weak, he fled. He avoided speaking to her or seeing her; but as they lived in the same house, they were obliged to meet. So that, in order to remain faithful, he deserted his own home and sought distraction elsewhere. Claire was much astonished at this.

Her father had been a man who lived out of doors, and in her simplicity she thought a commercial life necessitated this. Sydonie also went out a great deal; the new-found pleasure of shopping kept her out late, and frequently George and Claire met coming in. They exchanged a cold bow at the foot of the stairs, and George fled to his rooms, seeking in the caresses of his child forgetfulness of his love. Sydonie seemed to remember nothing. She had other things to think of. She had commenced to take singing lessons—as it was rather too late for her to learn to play the piano—so twice a week Madame Dobson, a sentimental little blonde, came to teach her. In the silence of the large courtyard, the resounding "do, re, me," being drawn out and repeated again and again, gave the old factory something of the air of a boarding-school. Sydonie said to herself:

"Claire Froment plays the piano. I will sing. She passes for an elegant and accomplished woman. They shall say the same of me."

Like the pearls she used to sort, she herself was false, though learned and brilliant; but Claire was a true pearl, pure and rich, and when they were together the difference was immediately seen. Sydonie envied Claire her child, dressed elegantly, all ribbons and lace. She never thought of the reverse of the picture—sleepless nights and anxious watchings—she only saw Claire go out with the infant and nurse. She had to promenade alone, or worse still, endure the company of her husband one of her parents. The former had such a clownish way of making love that she was ashamed of him; he treated her like a doll or plaything, and bounded around her like a grateful dog. As for her parents, she got rid of them by renting for them a house in the country. That cut short their frequent invasions of her house. Sydonie would also have removed the Delobelles if she could; but the neighborhood was near all the theatres, and the comedian would not leave, so Sydonie cut their acquaintance; it was the only thing left her to do.

Her life would have been dull and solitary indeed, but that Claire threw some amusement in her way. One night Madame Froment invited the Rislers to go to the theatre with her. After the performance, in coming out, Risler offered his arm to Claire; George was thus obliged to give his to Sydonie. It trembled as she took it; her heart beat fast at the memory that this young and elegant man should have been her husband, instead of that old man, so heavy, common and coarse that he seemed to ugilfy even Claire.

There came into her head a wicked thought. Claire Froment had stolen away her place; she would only be doing what was right if she tried to win him back.

CHAPTER IX.

KILLING AN ARTIST.

Since his marriage, Risler had given up going to the brewery. Sydonie would have been pleased to see him leave the house to go to a club where elegantly-dressed gentlemen met; but that he should come back to her of an evening, smelling of an old pipe, which he had been enjoying with friends of the past—Sigismund, Delobelle and her father—humiliated her, and made her wretched. So Risler went there seldom, which was a sacrifice for him to make, for the brewery seemed like a memory of his own country, situated on a forgotten corner of a street of old Paris—a vague resemblance to the streets of Bale or Zurich.

The brewery was kept by a Swiss, and frequented by his countrymen. For twenty years Risler had smoked his pipe there, listening to, if he could not comprehend, the interminable discussions of Chebe and Delobelle. When Risler deserted the brewery, so did the other two, for several good reasons. Mons. Chebe lived far away. Thanks to the generosity of Risler, he had realized the dream of his life—that of living entirely in the country. Adjoining his cottage was that of Sigismund Pianus, the cashier.

Madame Chebe was pleased to have his old sister for a neighbor, and as long as the fine weather lasted, and Chebe could amuse himself gardening, he was delighted with his new home; but when the bad weather came and kept him a prisoner indoors, he overwhelmed his wife with reproaches.

"*Your* daughter has exiled us—she is ashamed of us."

In his irritation against Sydonie he denied her, leaving to his wife the entire responsibility of so monstrous and unnatural a child. It was a great relief to the poor woman when he went to unburthen his woes to Delobelle, who sided with him and called Risler "a coward." Delobelle had his own grievances; he had supposed he would become major domo of the new household—would be called upon to organize garden parties, to get up balls and other festivities, instead of which Sydonie received him very coldly, and Risler no longer took him to and treated him at the brewery. But Delobelle was discreet—he sympathized with Chebe, and overwhelmed him with flattery. Why?—because he had need of him.

Tired of waiting for the intelligent manager to put him before the public in the parts he wished to play, he conceived the idea of buying a theatre and managing it himself. He counted on Risler for the funds. As it happened, through the bankruptcy of its manager, there was a little theatre for sale in the Boulevard du Temple. Of this Delobelle had spoken to Risler in a vague, hypothetical way, such as:

"It would be a good thing to do."

Risler replied with his usual phlegm:

"Yes, it would be a good thing for you."

Then, when a direct proposition was made to him, he took refuge in such phrases as, "I will see," "After a while," "I don't say no," and finally he pronounced the fatal words:

"Let me look at the estimate."

For a week the actor had been engaged making it, seated between his admiring wife and daughter. In the house everyone knew that Mons. Delobelle was going to buy a theatre. In the streets, in the actors' haunts, they talked of little else than this new acquisition. Delobelle did not conceal that a man of fortune was backing him, and soon he was surrounded by a crowd of actors out of a situation, and by old comrades, who tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, saying:

"Of course you remember me, old fellow!"

He promised engagements to everybody, dined at the restaurant, wrote letters, saluted people condescendingly with a wave of the hand, held confidential conversations on corners, and already two threadbare authors had read him a drama in seven acts, which would "suit him to a T" for his opening piece. He spoke of "his theatre," and had his letters addressed to "Mons. Delobelle, Manager."

When he had written his prospectus and made his estimate he went to the factory to Risler, who, being very busy, agreed to meet him at the brewery. The same evening, Delobelle, arriving first, ordered beer in two glasses. He waited a long time with his eye on the door, trembling with impatience. Every time anyone came in he turned around. He spread out his papers on the table and read and re-read them, moving his lips, shaking his head, and gesticulating.

He was in high spirits; the thing was unique, splendid. Already he saw himself acting—that was the great point—in his own theatre, parts written for him, to suit his figure, and in which there should be great effects.

Suddenly the door opened, and through the smoke of the pipes Chebe appeared.

He was as annoyed and surprised to see Delobelle as Delobelle was to see him. He had written to his son-in-law that he wished to see him on a matter of importance, and would expect him that evening at the brewery. He must not fail; it was an affair of honor, entirely between themselves "as man and man."

The matter of honor was that, being tired out with the country-place, he had let it and rented an apartment in the very heart of the commercial quarter. And a store! yes, a store. And now he was a little frightened at what he had done, was uneasy as to how his daughter would take it, more particularly because the rent was double that of the cottage, and repairs to be made, besides, on taking possession. As he knew of old Risler's good heart, he was anxious to explain matters to him first, hoping to win him over and then throw upon him the responsibility of telling this domestic *coup d'état*.

Instead of Risler, he found Delobelle! They looked evilly at each other, like two dogs about to fight over a bone. Each divined that the other was waiting for Risler.

"My son-in-law is not here?" Chebe asked, eyeing the papers on the table, and emphasizing the words "my son-in-law," to let Delobelle well understand that Risler belonged to him and to no one else.

"I am waiting for him," replied Delobelle, gathering up his papers. Shutting his lips, he added with an air of dignity, but mysterious and theatrical:

"It is something very important."

"And so is my business," said Mons. Chebe, the three hairs on his head rising up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

He sat down on a settee near Delobelle, ordered beer in two glasses; then, his hands in his pockets, his back against the wall, he squared himself to wait. The two glasses opposite each other, each destined for the same absent man, had an air of defiance.

Still Risler did not come. The two silent drinkers beginning to get impatient, fidgeted, each hoping that the other would get tired and leave. At last ill-humor mastered them, and Risler got the benefit of it.

"The idea of making a man of my age wait so long," commenced Chebe, who never alluded to his great age except under similar circumstances.

Delobelle replied:

"I believe he is making fun of us."

"I dislike that."

"Oh, no doubt the great man had people at dinner."

"Yes, and such people!" said Deolbelle in a tone of contempt; there was within his breast a burning memory of a certain dinner where he had *not* been asked to display his extraordinary talents.

"The fact is ——" continued Chebe.

They drew near each other, and began to talk. Both their hearts were full about Sydonie and Risler. They overflowed. They agreed that Risler with his simplicity was no better than a child, and was at bottom a selfish fellow and an upstart. They made fun of his accent, of his dress, and imitated his queer manners. Then they talked of his household, and, lowering their voices, grew confidential, laughed familiarly, and became friends again.

Chebe went very far. He said Risler ought to take care what he was about! He had been stupid enough to let Sydonie's father and mother go away, and if anything happened—he was an old man, you know, and she but a girl—why, he couldn't reproach them, for a daughter who has not the example of her parents before her eyes, you understand ——

"Exactly, especially as Sydonie has turned out a great coquette. Well, he would only get his deserts—a man of his age ought to have—hush! here he is!"

Risler came in, shaking hands with everybody. Between the three friends there was a moment of embarrassment. Risler excused himself as best he could. He had friends—he bore Delobelle to—to Chebe's foot under the table—and, glancing at the defiant glasses, Risler hardly knew before which to seat himself. Delobelle was generous.

"You wish to converse, gentlemen, and I will not disturb you," and, winking to Risler, said in an undertone of confidence, "I have the papers."

"The papers!" echoed Risler, dumbfounded.

"The estimate," whispered the comedian; with which remark he buried himself in a distant corner and began to read his papers.

The other two were soon in an animated conversation.

"What!" cried Chebe, losing his patience and raising his voice, "am I of an age to inter myself in the country? No, no, I have need of life, activity ——"

"Yes, but what need of a store?" hazarded Risler. "What are you going to do in it? Why do you want a store?"

"Why do I want a store? I want a store because I am a business-man—son of a business-man."

"But you have no business ——"

"I haven't, haven't I? Well, whose fault is that? If the people who shut me up in the country—imprisoned me in a cottage—had had the sense, or the generosity, to furnish me funds to begin business on, to speculate with ——" As Chebe was on the topmost note of his register, Risler tried to hush him up, and afterwards only bits of the conversation could be overheard, such as "more commodious shop," "height of the ceiling," "future projects," "gigantic affair," "I shall speak at the right time," "grown-up people will be surprised."

While listening to these ends of phrases Delobelle became more and more absorbed in his papers, apparently with the air of a man who is not listening. Risler, greatly embarrassed, swallowed a mouthful of beer from time to time. At length, when Chebe had calmed down a little, Risler turned towards the illustrious Delobelle, who gave him a look, as much as to say:

"Well, and how about *me*?"

"Yes, that's true," sighed the poor man, and went to him. Chebe, who had not the good breeding of the actor, instead of leaving them alone, took up his glass and joined the couple. For the second time, Delobelle solemnly put his sacred papers in his pocket, saying:

"We'll see about this later on."

Very much later on it was destined to be, for Chebe remained to mount guard over Risler, saying to himself:

"My son-in-law is so easy and so simple, if I leave him alone with that mean scrub, who knows what he may get out of him?"

So he stayed, and stayed. The comedian was furious. Should he put off his business till another day? No; impossible. Risler had just told him he should leave the next day to spend a month at Savigny.

"A month at Savigny!" shouted Chebe, exasperated at seeing his prey escape him. "And how about my business?"

"Oh, I shall come to Paris every day with George. Mons. Gardinois is anxious to see Sydonie."

Chebe shook his head. He thought it very imprudent. Business was business. One should be always in the breach. Who knows what might happen? The factory might take fire in the night; then he repeated sententiously:

TOM TAYLOR, Dramatic Author and Journalist.

"The eye of the master—the eye of the master," while beside him the comedian, who was not pleased with this departure either, rounded out his big eye, giving it a subtle and authoritative expression—the veritable glance of the eye of the master.

Not before midnight did the last omnibus leave for Montrouge, where Chebe lived, bearing with it the tyrannical father-in-law, and Delobelle could speak freely.

"First the prospectus," he said, not wishing to touch immediately on figures. Putting his eyeglass on his nose, with great emphasis, as if declaiming a part, he began: "When one coldly considers the decrepitude into which dramatic art has fallen in France; when one measures the distance which separates the Theatre of Moliere ——"

There were several pages more like that; Risler listened, drawing his pipe, not daring to move, for the reader looked at him every moment above his glasses to observe the effect of his phrases. With the poor actor's usual luck, just as he was in the middle of his grandiloquent prospectus, the restaurant closed. The gas was turned out and they had to leave. And the estimates? how about them? Well, they could not read them as they walked. They stopped at each lamppost. Delobelle reading the figures—and they were long—by the lighting, so much for the actors—he dwelt upon the actors.

"The best of the affair is that we shall have no leading-man to pay. Our leading-man will be 'Pet'; when he spoke of himself he always called himself by this endearing name). "Now, a leading-man commands a salary of twenty thousand francs. Not having that to pay, it's as good as putting twenty thousand francs in your pocket; do you see?"

Risler did not reply. His manner was constrained, like that of a man whose thoughts are elsewhere.

The estimates were read, and Delobelle saw with terror that they were nearing the factory, so in sheer desperation he blurted out:

"Well, will you do it? Yes or no?"

"No," answered Risler, animated by a heroic courage drawn from the vicinity of the manufactory and the thought that the happiness of his household was at stake. Delobelle was dumbfounded, speechless. He had felt himself sure of the money, and now he could only stand still and stare at Risler with his great round eyes.

"No," repeated Risler, "I cannot do what you ask me, and I will tell you why."

He then went on to state that he was not rich. Although a partner in such an important business, he had no spare money. George and he drew a certain sum every month from the cash account, and at the end of the year they shared the profits.

He had been getting married, and furnishing his house, and, go forth, had cost him a great deal, in spite of his economy. The year would not expire before four months; where, then, was he to get the 30,000fr. which he must put down immediately for the purchase of the theatre? Besides, it might not succeed."

"Not succeed! Impossible, with 'Pet' there!"

In speaking thus, the poor "Pet" drew himself up; but Risler was firm, and all the persuasions and arguments of "Pet" met with the same steady refusal.

"In two or three years, perhaps, but not now—*no*."

The comedian struggled for a long time, fighting the ground inch by inch. He would make another estimate, he could do the thing cheaper.

"It will still be too dear for me," said Risler. "My name does not belong to me alone—it is part of the firm, and I have not the right to endanger it. Would you like to see me bankrupt?"

His voice trembled on the word "bankrupt."

"But since it will be in my name," urged Delobelle, who was determined to die hard.

He tried every mortal thing to make Risler yield; he invoked the sacred interests of Art, but, failing to move him, he drew an amorous picture of lovely actresses ogling him, and the opportunities. Risler interrupted him with a loud laugh, saying:

"You forget that I'm a married man, and so are you, and that it's very late, and that our wives are waiting for us. Good night. There's no ill-feeling, is there? I haven't refused, you know. Come and see me at the end of the year, and we will talk more about it; but just now good-night."

Risler was gone.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the illustrious actor entered his own apartments. The two women were working as usual, but in a quick, nervous and expectant way. They were full of hope.

"Oh, if your father could only succeed!" Madame Delobelle repeated from time to time.

"He will succeed, mamma; I feel sure of it. Mons. Risler is no good that I can answer for him. Sydonie is very fond of us, you know, although she has neglected us a little since her marriage; but then, we must consider all the circumstances. Besides, I shall never, never forget what she has done for me."

The poor lame girl's hands trembled at her work.

"If your father should get a theatre of his own, child, he would act again, as he used to. You don't remember him, you were too little; but he always had great success—calls and recalls. One night at Alencon the stockholders of the theatre gave him a gold crown. Oh, I tell you he was a brilliant man in those days, gay and full of life. Those who see him now do not know him, unhappiness has changed him so. He only wants a little success to make him content and young again. And then, you've no idea the money people make in managing. At Nantes the manager kept his own carriage, and so will we. You shall ride out either; your father will drive you into the country, and you shall see the water and the woods and the trees."

The poor invalid's features lighted up with joy. The great door below was heard to shut violently, and Delobelle's precise step resounded in the vestibule. There was an instant of anxiety without word or respiration. The two women hardly dared look at each other. The poor devil—Delobelle—had received a terrible blow. His illusions—the humiliation of a refusal, the jeers of his friends—the bill of the restaurant, where he had been dining on credit during the period of his management, and which he would have to pay—all crowded upon him in the silence of night as he toiled up the five flights of stairs. His heart was torn in twain; but the nature of the actor was so strong in him, that on the occasion of such a real grief he felt it was his duty to wear the conventional tragic mask.

As he entered, he threw a sombre look all around—at the table loaded with work, even on his little supper waiting coldly in a corner of the hearth for him—at the two poor anxious faces raised to his. He stood a minute without speaking—you know how long a minute's silence is at the theatre—then made three tragedy steps, fell heavily into a chair by the side of the table, and hissed out:

"I am damned!"

He gave the table such a tremendous blow with his fist that the birds and flies flew to the four corners of the room. His frightened wife rose and timidly approached him, while Desiree half got up from her sofa with an expression of agony distorting all her features.

Sunk in the chair, conquered, his arms stretched out, his head on his breast, the comedian lifted up his voice and spoke. His monologue was filled with sighs, sobs and dramatic action, and was heavily interjected with imprecations on ferocious and selfish monsters who feed and grow fat upon the artist's flesh and blood. He reviewed his whole theatrical life, the triumphs of his first appearance, summoned up the gold crown presented by the stockholders of Alencon, painted in such moving language his marriage with his "sainted wife" that she, poor creature, drew nearer and nearer with tearful eyes and trembling lips. Truly, anyone who had never known the illustrious Delobelle might, after hearing his long monologue, have recounted in detail his whole existence. He related his arrival in Paris, his disappointments, mortifications and privations. He denied himself none of the pangs of memory. He had suffered alone; one had but to look at the two drawn and pinched faces beside him to be sure of that, but Delobelle saw nothing near home. He continued to intoxicate himself with his own declamation.

"Oh, oh! After having struggled so long—ten, fifteen years have I struggled, maintained by these two devoted creatures; are, nourished, fed, housed, clothed by them!"

"O papa! silence, silence, I implore you," supplicated Desiree with clasped hands.

"Yes, yes; nourished, fed by them—I do not blush for it, it was my duty; for that grand and sacred art of which I am the unworthy exponent that I accepted all, all that was offered me. But now it is too much; they have crushed my spirit, broken my heart, and I give it up. I renounce the stage! I will appear no more in the theatre!"

"Oh, don't say such a terrible thing!" cried Madame Delobelle, springing towards him.

"Leave me! leave me! Do not unman me, nor seek to change my determination. I have come to the end of my tether. They have killed the artist in me—the sacred fire is forever quenched! I renounce the theatre!"

The women embraced him, supplicated him to struggle still, and tried to prove to him that he had no right to renounce the theatre—that he ought not, for their sakes. They wept, they entreated, and at last he yielded. He consented to take heart again, and to struggle more, because they wished it; not for his own sake—no, the soul of the artist was murdered within him—but to comfort them.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the great man fell hollow from his monologue, and, solaced by the relation of his despair, he seated himself at the end of the table and began his supper; he had sobbed, howled, sighed, groaned and denounced, until he was not only famished but tired out, like a tragedian who has acted a long and heavy dramatic part. The actor who has moved a whole theatre and wept true tears on the stage leaves his emotion in his dressing-room with his wigs and his costume, while the spectators go to their homes with red eyes and sorrowing hearts. Delobelle supped well, and, his passion spent, was calm again, while the spectators of his domestic scene, his wife and daughter, slept little that memorable night on which the hard-hearted monster Rialer had said "No" and killed the artist in the illustrious though unappreciated Delobelle.

CHAPTER X.

AT SAVIGNY.

The two families went to Savigny for a month, and George and Sydonie were once more thrown together in the old place so full of memories for both. Madame Froment was devoted to her little daughter, and frequently left George and Sydonie to attend to her.

"Excuse me," she would say, and go upstairs to put the child to bed, while Sydonie drove down to the depot to meet her husband and George Froment every evening on their return from Paris. Many people mistook her for Madame Froment—which flattered her very much.

George's wild love for Sydonie had revived with redoubled strength, despite his efforts to tear it from his heart. He deceived his wife, his best friend; he deceived Risler, his partner and companion. He was filled with remorse, but Sydonie was constantly in his thoughts, and he felt that till now he had never lived. As for her, her love was that of vanity and revenge. What delighted her most was the humiliation of Claire. Her happiness would have been complete if she could but have said to her:

"Your husband loves me. He deceives you for me."

She felt no remorse whatever. She thought of Risler only as a vulgar old man, whom she had married to better her condition. One person only suspected the treachery of George and Sydonie—Father Gardinois. He was a watchful, suspicious old man, accustomed to amuse himself by continually setting traps for the servants. One night he heard a door softly open, and, cautiously getting out of bed, dressed quickly and crept down-stairs to see who was stealing out of the house.

It was dark. A man looking like George came from beneath the trees and sprang forward to meet a woman enveloped in lace. It was Sydonie. Gardinois hid in the shrubbery. The moon sailed from under a cloud. They passed quickly down the avenue, and were soon lost to sight in the shade of the elm-trees.

"I was sure of it," he said to himself, as, chuckling and rubbing his hands, he crept back to bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A RING OF GOLDEN HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Only a ring of shining hair—
But my heart is filled with dull despair
As I sit alone, in my darkened room,
While the earth is bright with Summer bloom.

Only a lock of golden hair—
A little crib, standing idle there,
My empty arms stretched out in vain
For the form they never will hold again.

Only a ring of shining hair
They cut from a forehead pure and fair,
And I loved its brightness—loved it so,
With a love that only mothers know.

Only a tress of sunny hair,
But no longer the need of tender care,
For never again on my aching breast
Shall a childish head in comfort rest.

Only a ring of shining hair
That I press to my lips in piteous prayer—
A life from which all joy seems fled,
For the little child I loved is dead.

It Got Monotonous.

Six or seven days ago an old man entered the store of a Detroit hardware man, who also deals in seeds, and, inquiring for the proprietor, soon stood face to face with him.

"Want to see me?" asked the dealer.

"Yes, sir, I do! Seven years ago, this coming Spring, I bought a paper of seeds of you!"

"I presume so."

"I'll swear to it, sir! Seven years ago, sir, and not one of those seeds came up!"

"Well, that's funny," laughed the dealer.

"You may think it was," said the old man, "but I'll make it cost you ten thousand dollars! When you sold me those seeds, sir, you did not know that you were dealing with a lion!"

"Well, you stop your blowing, and get out of here!"

"Give me a package of cabbage-seeds, sir!"

"I won't!"

The old man went away, but in an hour returned and said in a loud voice:

"Seven years ago, this coming Spring, I bought a package of seeds at this store. Not one of those seeds arose from the stis!"

He was ordered out, and he went out. He was there the next morning as soon as the proprietor was, and he said:

"Seven years ago, this coming Spring, you sold me a package of seeds. Not one single seed matured to manhood!"

He was put out that time; but he returned in the afternoon, when the store was full of customers, and exclaimed:

"Seven years ago, this coming Spring, I was swindled by that man there! He sold me a package of garden-seeds, not one seed of which ever thruv!"

When he went in something hit him three or four times in the back. He went down the street for a while, and then returned and stood in front of the store, and said to the people who passed:

"Seven years ago, this coming Spring, this store here sold me garden-seeds that never sprouted!"

He repeated the words over and over until a crowd began to gather, when he was called in and given a dozen papers of seed, and told to forgive and forget.

"Six papers of onion-seed to pay for the choking!" he said as he bottomed his overcoat.

They were given him, and when stowed away he remarked:

"Six papers of cucumber-seed to pay for four kicks!"

After some argument these were handed him, and as he backed out of doors he said:

"It's all right! You acted like a man about it, and if you want any vegetables next Fall I'll make a discount to you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR ENGRAVING.

Tom Taylor, the editor of *Punch*, was born in Sunderland, Eng., in 1817. He was educated at the Grange School there, and went through two sessions at Glasgow University, in the course of which he received three gold medals, and other prizes. He left Glasgow in 1837 for Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a degree as junior optime, and in the first class of the classical tripos, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity. He held for two years the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London, was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in November, 1845, and went the Northern Circuit until his appointment to the assistant-secretaryship of the Board of Health, in 1850; and on the reconstruction of that Board, in 1855, he was appointed secretary, with a salary of £1,000 per annum. When the Board was abolished, in 1858, its functions were transferred to the Local Government Act Office, Mr. Taylor was made Secretary of the Department. He has since then retired on a pension. He has contributed art criticisms to *The London Times* and *The Manchester Guardian*. During John Ozenford's visit to this country, a few years ago, Mr. Taylor supplied his place as dramatic critic on *The Times*. He has written nearly one hundred dramatic pieces, the majority of which have been successful. Among the most popular of these may be mentioned "Still Waters Run Deep," "Victims," "An Unequal Match," "The Contested Election," "The Overland Route," "The Ticket-of-leave Man," "Twixt Axe and Crown," "Joan of Arc," and the sterling play of "Lady Clancarty."

AT REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
T. W. HANSHEW.

Night winds were mournfully sweeping
'Mid gravestones in "God's Acre" fair,
As a mother lay silently weeping
O'er a grave—for her first born lay there.
Lay there in the cold, misty twilight,
With his pale hands crossed o'er his breast,
While his mother lay sobbing till midnight
O'er the grave where her boy was at rest,
At rest, at rest,
With his pale hands crossed o'er his breast,
While his mother lay sobbing till midnight
O'er the grave where her boy was at rest.

The snow from the heaven fast falling,
Was clothing the churchyard in white;
But she, with endearing words calling
Her dead, heeded not the cold night;
For heart-broken there she lay weeping,
Weeping and sobbing aloud;
While the chill winds around her were sweeping,
The pure snow was weaving her shroud,
Her shroud, her shroud,
She was weeping and sobbing aloud;
While the chill winds around her were sweeping,
The pure snow was weaving her shroud.

The morning dawned brightly and chilly,
The sunbeams poured down on the snow;
That mother had joined her dead Willie—
No more of Earth's pains will she know.
She has left this cold world now forever,
And gone to the home of the blest,
And there, by the banks of Christ's river,
Mother and son are at rest,
At rest, at rest,
She has gone to the home of the blest,
And there, by the banks of Christ's river,
Mother and son are at rest.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THE PLAY OF AN ARCTIC NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

It was in the midst of an Arctic Winter, on board the good ship Peril, that the brave Captain Wharton found himself surrounded by a discontented and almost mutinous crew. In vain had they sought the much-voyaged-after Northwest Passage, and searched amid mountains of ice and snow for some trace of the long-lost Sir John Franklin, and with Lady Franklin, the loving wife, in the language of the poet cried:

"O where, my long-lost one, art thou,
'Mid Arctic seas and wintry skies?
Deep, Polar night is on me now,
And Hope, long wrecked, but mocks my cries.
I am like these! From frozen plains
In the drear zone and sunless air,
My dying, lonely heart complains,
And chills in sorrow and despair."

Some there were, staunch and true, who cheered their commander by act and word, and gave him hope that the Arctic night would be followed by a brighter day for all on board the Peril. In safety they had traversed the same seas as Sir John Ross, Franklin, Parry, De Haven and other adventurous mariners; and, although they had not added materially to the geographical knowledge of the country, or learned ought of the fate of the noble English navigator, they hoped, as their devout captain prayed, to return with the next coming sun to their wives and sweethearts.

Every pains was taken to make the officers and crew comfortable; but still the disaffection continued, as was plainly visible by dark frowns and muttered grumblings. Well the commander knew that to venture out into the Arctic night was certain death. But the foolhardy malcontents, comprising solely those who were making their initial voyage in the region of eternal ice, were plotting to seize upon a portion of the sledges, boats and provisions, and make their way to the nearest Esquimaux settlement, only to be reached by crossing a desert of ice and snow.

Every possible device for the amusement of the crew was exhausted during the continuance of the period of darkness. The volumes in the ship's library had been read and reread until they were well worn by constant thumbing. Every sailor had so often recited to his mate his stock of anecdotes and adventures, that they had become threadbare and uninteresting. Discontent was breeding new troubles day by day; and the sailors, who had left port full of enthusiasm and loud with cheers for the flag that floated over them, had descended into a rabble of grumblers, each dissatisfied with his neighbor and himself.

Captain Wharton now bethought himself of a device whereby the monotony on shipboard might be broken. With the assistance of his fellow-officers and a number of the crew, he organized an amateur dramatic company, and as soon as possible put in rehearsal the piece which, with an ollo, was to comprise the inaugural Thespian treat. About the same time, that the press might keep pace with the drama in the Arctic sea, a small newspaper was issued daily in pen and ink, which was supposed, as per announcement, to chronicle the stirring events of the North Pole and vicinity. An amusing paragraph stated that the leading "lady" of the Peril Opera-house Company had consented to lose her mustache and beard, and would most positively appear with a clean face on the opening night. A waggish contributor furnished a letter he had received—as asserted—from a guest at the newly-discovered Summer resort, which was dated "Ice-house, North Pole," etc. The writer spoke eloquently of the table-d'hote, and mentioned, as choice dishes in the bill of fare, walrus, seal, and polar bear in all styles. Frozen brandy was especially mentioned as one of the delicacies of the season, and a note made known the fact that ice-cream was not served.

It was wonderful with what zest everyone on shipboard now entered into the twin enterprises, the Peril Opera-house and *The North Pole News*, and what new talents were daily discovered in a literary and Thespian way. Already the programme for the opening night of the "big show" was made out, and was feared that visitors from Iceberg would have to leave for home before the conclusion of the entertainment, unless, as the wit of *The News* hinted, the horse-cars could be induced to "wait over." The editor of *The News* announced a tailor medal as a prize for the worst conundrum, which was won by the following vile production, emanating from one of the younger officers: "Why is the ship Peril like a refrigerator? *Answer.*—Because it is an ice (a nice) place." The presentation of the medal to the author of this terrible work of conundrum production was much hilarity, the presentation speech and the reply both being exceedingly humorous.

On the opening night of the dramatic season the amateur players were welcomed by a crowded house—of deadheads; for, as the critic of *The News* said, "remember the Peril Opera-house is a winter not a summer concern, and loved their art for art's sake, and not for vulgar gain." Taking into consideration the many difficulties under which the actors labored, they one and all acquitted themselves with much credit, and won the highest encomiums of the local press.

The unprecedented success of the players' experiment brought out a petition from the "leading citizens" requesting that the celebrated artists consent to appear in a new bill before their departure for Arcticville and Whaletown. Agreeably to general desire, the amateurs continued to relieve the monotony of the Arctic night by appearing in new characters, until at last, the dramatic library being exhausted, recourse must be had to original works, which Icebound playwrights were invited to contribute. The Bailey and the Lewis of *The Polar News* suggested several appropriate titles, such as "Frozen In" (a farce), "Waiting for a Thaw," "A Long Night," "Snow How it is Yourself," none of which, however, were adopted by the Boucicaults of the Peril.

One evening it was officially announced that shortly would be produced, at the Peril Opera-house, "the highly emotional and sensational drama of contemporaneous human interest, where was Daly?" entitled 'The Sailor's Duty, or Jack Tar Icebound,' in five acts and twelve tableaux, from the pen of Captain Wharton, which would be produced with many novel and original effects, and with the full strength of the company in the cast." The interest in the commander's drama was heightened by the mystery naturally attaching to an original play, and every member of the cast provoked the most fruitless inquiry by preserving to himself all that he knew of the new drama. The joker of the one-and-ink newspaper did not forget his opportunity to poke fun at the author of the new play and his bantling.

"We are pleased to learn," he wrote, "that Mr. William Shakespeare has opened a branch house at this place, and will write plays at short notice as cheaply as they can be procured at the old stand." Again: "We are credibly informed that the author of the forthcoming drama, 'The Sailor's Duty, or Jack Tar Icebound,' shortly to be produced at the Peril Opera-house, has received most flattering offers for its early representation at the Greenland Academy of Music, where, we feel assured, despite the warmth and admiration of the audience, it cannot fail to meet with a cold reception."

After much study and elaborate preparation, positive announcement was at last made of the production of the new drama. Although *The Polar News* invited further information on one point, the advertisement stated that, on account of other engagements, the performance would be for one night only, and the writer was solicitous to know whether the management were intending to refer to an Arctic night. If so, the first act should have opened a month ago. In such an event the auditors were invited to bring their mattresses with them. The next issue of *The News* explained that they had been called upon by the agent of the dramatic company, who had explained that "The Sailor's Duty" was not a Chinese play, and would not pay to exceed two hours and thirty minutes. A significant postscript followed: "We do not think that the agent of this troupe of strolling barn-stormers is much shucks. Since he has been in town he has not invited us to drink, or to eat broiled oysters."

The Peril Opera-house was "crowded from stem to stern." To quote the veracious local of *The News*, "everyone in town was present, probably the only occasion in the world when a dramatist's maiden effort was witnessed by the entire population." Perhaps, had not Captain Wharton been a sailor, he might

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.

HARRY T. W., South Mountain.—1. It cannot add the four on the table to A's pile of "five." 2. It cannot add the dence on the board to the pile of "eight." 3. A can add his six from hand to four on board and call it "ten." 4. C cannot so play for his partner unless he himself has a ten in his hand. 5. It cannot use the four on table to make a nine of A's "five." 6. Yes; ten made up from table and added to a ten from hand makes "tens." 7. Cannot build from the table. 6. If your partner has either built or combined to say eight, you cannot add an eight in any form unless you hold back an eight in your hand. If you cannot make an eight by combining, all you can do, holding an eight-spot in your hand, is to throw it on the board and say nothing, when it may eventually be taken in by your partner. These are the only ways in which you can assist him. Ten is high card. There is not a particle of sense in 11, 12, 13, and 14 or 1. 10. Were you on an island in the middle of the ocean, we could not break our rule of "no answers by mail."

CONSTITUTION, Lexington.—A large majority of churches in cities have morning and afternoon services, and, as a rule, night service is held in churches of every denomination but the Catholic; and even that Church holds such at special seasons. The mistake of A doubtless arises from the fact that, in country places, where there is no regular pastor, the late afternoon service of the Catholic Church, called vespers, is not obligatory. It is optional with most of the other denominations to hold afternoon service or not; but the bulk of such churches hold it, nevertheless.

CONSTANT READER.—B was out when he claimed out. The rule is that he who first calls is winner, provided he can show enough, and if he cannot show enough, he loses the game for miscalling. But understand that the call must be made without looking further back at the cards than the last stock. This was not necessary in the case cited; but where a player needs cards, spades, and aces to put him out, a bad memory is apt to be ruinous. The game, properly played, is essentially one of memory.

BETTING.—To answer your question it would be necessary for us to know what piece or pieces the company intended playing. If pieces which only required modern costumes, then a general walking-suit and a full-dress suit ought to suffice; but if shakespearian pieces, old comedies, and standard dramas were to constitute the repertory, you would require a comparatively large wardrobe, including shirts, shapes, tunics, square cuts, court suits, and their accompanying "props."

SHOT, Brooklyn.—1. The Eliche Shield has been won eight times: by Scotland, four times by Scotland, and twice by Ireland. 2. W. Farwell, in the competition for the Huntington Silver Cup, at Creedmoor, L. I., Oct. 23, 1875. W. B. Farwell, after making a perfect score of two sights and ten scoring shots, at 200 yds., kept on shooting until he had made thirteen consecutive bull's-eyes additional, making twenty successively. As regards a record, however, only the first of these counts.

TIPPLE, Louisville.—1. For the best nine of 1876 we should select, first, nine men against whom not a word of suspicion had been uttered in connection with games where wagers were staked would go together solely for the side. As far as thorough reliability is concerned, among others might be chosen White, Spalding or Mutrie, Start, Hatfield, Orville Wright, Leonard, Hall and York. 2. It is a first-class team in good hands.

CLIPPER READER, Lawrence.—E. D. Davis has a record of 9¾sec. for 100 yards, done to a flying start. As it is not customary to decide bets by time made otherwise than from a scratch start, unless the opposite is stated in the question, we decide it a draw, for the protection of both parties, and the stakeholder should have been governed by that decision.

RABBIT, Niles.—The Academy of Music in this city was destroyed by fire, May 5, 1866. The new Academy was dedicated by a ball Feb. 28, 1867. The first performance given in the building was on March 7 of that year, when "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" was performed before the Royal Family, admitted only to the gallery of the old house, and the same rule applies to the present edifice.

H. F. R., East St. Louis.—1. B wins. Canada proper is but about one-third larger than Texas. 2. Estimated area of United States, exclusive of Alaska, from 2,584,900 to 2,903,666 square miles; of Canada, 549,231, to which A can add the area of Newfoundland, 40,000, and of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's, and Newfoundland, all of which cover an area of 105,580 square miles.

H. H. D., Black Rock.—"1. A and B are playing cribbage. B plays a 5, and follows with a 6, calling 11; calling 21 and the last card. Can he (B) count both? 2. A plays a 4 spot, B a 4, calling 8 and a pair, A a 3, B a 2, and calling a run of 5. Can A count a run of three cards, or must he play to make a run?".....1. One for last card not allowed. 2. Yes.

WM. H. S., Brooklyn.—1. Apply in person to some manager. 2. If what you state is correct, we think you would. 3. Walking gentlemen are a much higher grade in the profession, to which you might aspire after three or five years' service in the first-class, responsible utility, and second walking gentleman. 4. No.

TURNPIKE READER.—1. A promissory note can be renewed by making a new note for the principal and the amount due when the old note expired, including interest and deducting the payments. 3. Keep the old note as a voucher. 4. Under certain conditions a debt is outlawed by several years.

JAS. RUTHERFORD, Wheeling.—1. We do not believe it was. 2. King won the champion belt of England, but not by his victory over Heenan. He fought several battles before (twice with Macey), but never since. 4. Nobody, and there is no such belt.

SILENT FRIEND, Georgetown.—1. Jim Mace and Tom King fought twice, each winning once. 2. The whole vote cast for Governor in Pennsylvania in 1872 was 672,469, Hartranft receiving 363,387, Buckalew 317,823, and Chase, temperance Fusionist, 1,259.

H. R. M., Hamilton.—1. He has never performed outside of Philadelphia, and has acted on one or two occasions in the variety theatres there. 2. Address him in care of this office, as he is traveling. 3. We think it will be.

F. S.—"A and B are playing five-card cribbage. A plays a 10, B a ten, a queen, and 8 on ace, which makes 31. B claims 3 points for his last card, 2 for 21 and 1 for the go. A says he is only entitled to 2 points. Who is right?".....A.

ACTRESS.—Ah, but consider the many good things that we've said about them. It's like a measure of discord introduced into a musical composition—it makes the harmonies more enjoyable, and the beautiful and true more apparent.

JUGGLER, Woburn.—We cannot express an opinion upon your specialty until we have seen you perform. You must have been practicing for nearly five years, and now fall two or three times to accomplish your feats successfully, we would advise you to give up.

C. O'LANE, Philadelphia.—If this bet refers to the time when President Grant proposed to make A. T. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury, C. O. F. loses. Under the circumstances named, A. T. Stewart, being a merchant, could not fill that office.

DECLINED—"Shopping on Broadway." "M emory." "Slander." "Trin. Men's Jubilee." "Up Down the Old George." "Minnie Lee." "Swell of the Town." "Will Yer Ever Take a Run?" "The Dislocated Nigs." "The Sea For Me." "The Girl I Loved."

RAN'S HEAD, Charleston.—What we stated is correct. Barney Williams, who was the manager, corroborates our statement. No person named John Costello was a member of the company at the Broadway Theatre during the last two seasons of his management.

ALEX. THOMPSON.—"In a game of cribbage, A played a 2, B a 6, A a 4 and claims 2 points; B a 4, A a 5, and takes 3 points, B a 4, and also claims 3 points; which A disputes. Which is right?".....A.

CLIPPER, St. St. Louis.—1. That player is out who claimed game before the last trick was turned or quitted. 2. There is no such precedence as is claimed by B. Three sweeps will count as much and as few as two.

E. D., McKeesport.—England has, almost to a surety. But bets of this character are not easy to determine, and we will decide nothing unless we are reasonably certain as to the fact.

C. E. J., Fort Preble.—He could be arrested for that or any other crime. It is not likely, however, that he would be tried under those circumstances, unless he made himself too conspicuous

IRISH, New Orleans.—Your question is too indefinite. Do you mean an Irish comedian, a character vocalist, song-and-dance, or musical-sketch performer, and for one or two persons?

F. W., Brooklyn.—Her professional career has not yet been of sufficient importance to furnish you with reliable facts for her biography; consequently, at this writing, we cannot answer you.

IGNORAMUS.—There is no law in this State prohibiting a man from marrying his father's half-sister. 2. You can hardly read a page of Shakespeare without finding something that would be suitable.

E. F., Elizabeth.—The balls are not to be touched. 2. If the ball he played with touches another, it is not to be spotted; if it has touched no other, then spot it. 3. Cannot count any game.

R. AND S.—Certainly, they can be inspected again, because in the meantime they are liable to lose weight through wear. But if the gentlemen are "playing it on you," it is a shame to call it fair.

J. C. K., Oneida.—A has no more claim on the money than B or C. The way to have played the game was not to have had all the cards thrown in, but for each player to call out as soon as he had made points enough.

W. B., Phila.—1. His opponent, whether he has trump or not, is not obliged to follow suit. 2. He cannot lay two hands at one time, except by agreement, and then you can agree to count almost anything for a euchre.

C. AND L., Philadelphia.—The Grand Duke's Operahouse is located in the basement of No. 21 Exchange street, in this city, and H. Campora is its manager. He can be addressed in care of this office.

B. B., Brooklyn.—We think Jukes can make them for you. You can get his address by inquiring of Geo. Wood, at Wood's Museum, or S. H. Hurd, at his office in the Hippodrome building.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. We have no record, weights being generally used in standing wide jumping. 2. We did not make mention of it; but it was done some time in the early part of last year. He is alive.

R. F.—It depends upon the meaning of the party using the sentence. If it was meant that her mother would be the donor of the jewels, A is incorrect. It should read: "Her mother promised her the jewels."

DITSON.—1. Col. J. H. McLaughlin of Detroit, Mich., is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America. The championship has not been regularly competed for in any other style. 2. We believe so.

J. W. N., St. Louis.—Miss Adelaide Neilson fulfilled an engagement at the California theatre, San Francisco, in 1870, and the receipts were the largest ever taken at that theatre during the same period of time.

MATHIAS, Buffalo.—Get an interview with the manager of the theatre in your town, show your talents, and let him read your play. He will decide whether it is worthy of production or not, and, if he uses it, he will pay you a fair price for it.

R. H. S.—If we understand, correctly, you have not told us how many points you were playing up. The game runs high, low, jack, game, sanche, pedro, and you can now decide for yourselves.

READER, Nashville.—No; he cannot be forced to "renig." The diamond could only be called in case diamonds were led, in case he had the lead himself, or in case he could not follow suit.

H. L., Nortonville.—1. A can recall his ace, separate the pile B took in error, and make any use of the cards therein that suits his hand. 2. Kadl's 1:41¼ is the best running time on record.

J. H., Jamestown.—We do not recollect such an advertisement, and we have searched our files unavailingly for it.

O. F. S., Elizabeth.—No; but he can ask the players to draw cards (i. e., each to touch the one he has played), which amounts to the same thing.

CORNFIGHER, Huntington.—The shot was not foul, the "thirteen-ball" counts, the disturbed ball is to be replaced, and the striker is to resume play.

A VOCALIST, Brooklyn.—1. It depends entirely upon their ability and reputation. Many receive $100 per week. 2. The same salary.

WINDSOR, Ont.—There is no line of passenger steamers crossing the Atlantic from New York and carrying the American flag.

J. J. D., St. Louis.—There can legally be but one Mayor. The City Council adjudged Overseer entitled to the contested seat, and A is entitled to the money.

CONSTANT READER.—As John Jacob Astor died some thirty years ago, it would be somewhat difficult to ascertain his personal value of late years, if he be then left.

H. E. W., Lowell.—John N. Genin, at that time a well-known hatter in this city, bought the first ticket for Jenny Lind's first concert in America, for which he paid $225.

AN AMATEUR, Indianapolis.—There are no books of instruction on that subject published. Get some performer to teach you.

P. C., St. John.—1. We know nothing of its footing. 2. There is no such company. It is an enterprise of the Cuban Government.

GUN DEALER, Chicago.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable at any news-depot, contains the information. 2. Very fair.

SEAVER.—41 was accomplished by Wm. Clark, at Madison, Wis., some years ago. We have no particulars regarding it at the time which entitled us of its correctness.

M. L., Boston.—If you mean the pit of the stomach—or, as it is technically termed, the "mark"—yes; that is one of the main objective points.

J. M. C., Fairview.—1. Eighty cents for each insertion. 2. Yes. 3. He is at present in Florida, in charge of a physician.

G. H. D., Boston.—No answers by mail. There have been such works, but they are all out of print. Examine the libraries in your city.

QUERIST.—1. Apply to the directors on the ground. 2. No; $30 per week and traveling expenses. In most cases they are expected to travel free.

R. F. J., Holyoke.—1. No. I had no right to strip them, and No. 1 could reshuffle them as often as No. 2 failed to cut them properly. 2. B, 42; D., nearly 60.

J. K. C., Baltimore.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a 5, B a 5, A a 7, B a 6, A a 4, A a 3 and claims a run of six." Is A right?.....Yes.

RAN'S HEAD, Washington.—In his fight with Tom McCoy, Chris Lilly was seconded by Bill Ford and Country McCluskey.

DERK, Philadelphia.—We would not advise you to undertake it. There are already more performers of that class than can procure engagements.

PANNO, Phila.—The time made by Barlow (William Freestone), 36:31, is the best of which we have any record for ten miles run in this country.

ALEX. S., Selma.—There is no precedence in points. That player is out who is first to call out. No answers by mail.

A SPORT, Phila.—The manning is immaterial. Only an American-built vessel can now sail under the American flag.

A., B. C., Massachusetts.—Draw the bet. The game is out of conflicting practices, and almost one without rules.

SPORT SPIT, Louisville.—Nothing of the sort. Only that the Louisville Club were the Southern champions, and therefore not so much interested in the fight as the St. Louis Club would be. And we will think, that, that Louisville is to be a troublesome place to take a ball from.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Hiram Sanford, Start, Richard Hallinger, Wm. Holdsworth, and Shrieve Hall are in this city, but is not playing, owing to the recent death of her husband.

T. T. G., Newark.—"Three of the last round, when playing cribbage, makes 24, and perfects a sequence, is the player entitled to count one for his last card, besides adding two points for the 31, and counting the sequence?".....No.

E. B. P., Jr., Philadelphia.—The amateur association Convention will commence at 10:30 A. M. on March 6, at the Assembly Building, 108 South Tenth street, Philadelphia. The entrance fee is two dollars.

HEY, Fort Stilt.—Know of no such institution. There are, however, "Houses for the Aged" in almost every leading city.

RR, Roseville.—1. Joe Coburn's height is 5ft. 9¾in., stocking feet; George Rooke, 5ft. 11¾in., with shoes. 2. Will reply next week.

W. L., Vicksburg.—It is one of the pine and oak tree coins, valued from $4 to $15. The exact value cannot be told without seeing the coin itself.

H. C. H., Brooklyn.—1. There is no chance for more than one opinion about such a stakeholder. 2. Do not know his weight.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—A will win. But if B had asked A as to his knowledge, and A had denied knowledge, the bet would be void because of fraud.

T. W., Adams.—Both the called player and the player calling must show their full hands. No answers by mail.

HENRY, Marshall.—B is entitled to a night. E must haul down six dollars.

F. F., Gloucester.—There is horse-racing for both money and prizes at Monmouth Park, N. J., every year.

C. D.—Draw. Straights are variously played to beat three of a kind, and also to beat but two pair.

F. D. D., Philadelphia.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

THEATRICAL.—The postage on a single copy is three cents.

H. F., Salem.—Of Beadle & Adams, 98 William street, New York.

G. H. D., Wellsboro.—We can supply some back numbers

J. H. H., Little Falls.—The official returns have not yet been made public.

MICHAEL JANNING, East Greenwich.—He can't drop so low.

W. H. F., Johnston's Depot.—Address him in care of this office.

R. P. F., Xenia.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

T. W.—1. Yes; if they are up to the standard of merit. 2. "The Day We Went Wee." 3. We cannot say.

B. B. A.—The public debt of the United States was greater in 1865 than at any other time.

J. C., Chicago.—1. Twenty-three pounds the pair, we fancy. 2. No reliable record.

No. 3, Burlington.—We have written for information, but as yet have not received an answer.

PHŒNIX CLUB, New Orleans.—About sixty feet long and four feet wide.

E. M. SLOCOMB.—Your card will cost $4.20 for one month.

FRANCIS DUCHESNE, Fort Randall.—Read THE CLIPPER'S sporting advertisements.

C. F. A., Concord.—We have no knowledge that it has ever been dramatized.

CONSTANT READER.—It is probably her private property. Address a letter of inquiry to her at the theatre.

P. F., Philadelphia.—The gentleman's name does not appear in the City Directory.

CITY STATION, Milwaukee.—Cannot give more than he can make.

NORTON, Portland.—Any of the printers advertising in THE CLIPPER can supply you with the bills.

E. C. T., Philadelphia.—B could not alter the fours. No answers by mail.

J. AND S., Chicago.—B could stand or beg, if A would not buneh.

S. D. W., Phila.—No player who is ordered up, whether by partner or opponent, can go alone.

FOOK BAR, Canada.—We know of no such book, or even pamphlet.

CHAS. K.—The cards being all in hand, every trick led must be taken by the opposing player, if he can.

BEN BOLT.—"American Hoyle," of Ed. James, 88 Centre street.

JOHN H., Chicago.—1. Bill Davis the pugilist is proprietor of a saloon in Virginia City, Nevada. 2. He did not.

JOHN A. RIKELIEF, Shenandoah.—We can give no other decision than that contained in last week's issue.

CARNEGIE, New York.—The following hand at cribbage count: 5, 5, 5, 6, 7?".....Seventeen.

J. A. S., Pittsburg.—1. The man that calls first. 2. A sweep will count as soon as any other point.

D. F., Fairmount.—It is a draw. A 10 is the standard for one game, and a 5½x11 for another.

CLUB, Cincinnati.—A is out on his high, which counted as soon as he threw the two in the box.

J. H., Phila.—At that game, four-handed, points are called before a trick is played.

CONSTANT READER.—Time out. The gamekeeper could not credit A with anything A did not call.

J. D. M., Brockville.—The new post-office building here is occupied, and has been for many months.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—1. No license is required here. 2. That fact will constitute marriage in this State.

C. F. J., Philadelphia.—It is not properly put together, as is daily in evidence.

J. W. F., Cleveland.—We decline its publication on account of its indecency.

H. B., Toronto.—1. We have. 2. Address her in care of the theatre.

J. B. G.—She is engaged there for the rest of the season. She may act here this Summer.

N. H. H.—When cards are tied for game, the non-dealer scores for it.

H. P., New Orleans.—Communicate with Ira Paine, Bayliss, L. I.

J. S. B., York.—There was no contribution in your note.

J. M. D.—Probably not such time has ever been made.

ITALY, OTTAWA.—Mozart was born in Salzburg, Germany.

E. D. R. M., Boston.—That Duke of York died Jan. 5, 1827.

BELMONT.—No charge for publishing the above notice.

H. A. C., Detroit.—You cannot address the lady at all.

R. S.—1. If suitable, yes. 2. Returned if not accepted.

CONSTANT READER, Bath.—Twelve ten-strikes, usually.

EXPRESS, Baltimore.—A could not claim "eights."

G. L. K., Detroit.—Address Land Office, Washington.

H. E., Elmira.—We never heard of any such person.

F. B. B., Liverpool, England.—Not to our knowledge.

AN OLD STEAMBOATER.—Built at New York in 1854.

E. L.—Undoubtedly he is. A wins, in our opinion.

F. P. MASY, Davenport.—Thank you. Come again.

LITTLE EGBERT.—It is too late to reopen the subject.

F. F. W., Chicago.—He is living, and in England.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—It can be lighted.

DANCE.—Not in this city, where the law forbids it.

CINCINNATI.—We know nothing of those players.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Notwithstanding the wickedness of Brooklyn, the sharp-practice of St. Louis, the whiskey-loving proclivities of Chicago, and the Centennial mania of Philadelphia, we are happy to state that each and all of those places will unite in a just and proper celebration of the natal day of Washington, and omit for that occasion their sinfulness and unholy purposes. New York, ever patriotic, ever true to the cause of justice, morality and virtue, will enter into observance of the day with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. The great city will don its holiday attire, the flag of the free will float aloft from every public building, and the blare of the band will be heard amid the reverberations of the deep-throated cannon. And though the veterans of the Revolution have all passed away, gone down to their graves, full of honors, yet the few remaining survivors of the gallant forces who fought in the War of 1812 will celebrate the day with a zest which only a soldier feels. Aye, they will fight their battles o'er again, and relate the stirring stories of their marvelous escapes by flood and field. The birthday of Washington is one of those bygones which can *never* be forgotten; nor will George's discrepancies about the small hatchet be remembered to his disadvantage, even though, unlike many great men of the age we live in, he *scorned* to tell a lie! What a sweet lesson should be deduced from that voluntary confession! And how the "Rings" everywhere should strive to profit by the example set them by this little boy. He was not promised immunity from punishment should he disclose the origin, plot and perpetrator of the cherry-tree tragedy! No; he came up smiling, accosted his revered father with a smile of filial devotion to his precepts, and exclaimed, in the fullness of his heart: "Father, 'twas *I* who cut your cherry-tree; I did it with this innocent little hatchet—I *can not* tell a lie!" Did his aged sire go for that boy? Did he kick and cuff him, as some parents nowadays misuse their offspring when they confess their offenses? Did he? No: he placed his venerable hand upon the uncovered head of his well-spring of pleasure, and exclaimed, while unbidden tears coursed adown his cheeks: "Bully boy! Thou hast done well in confessing thy sin." And to still further attest his gratification at his son's noble conduct, he that day took him to see the circus, which was making a one-day stand near where this conversation occurred. How much better it would have been had the whiskey-conspirators emulated the brilliant example of George, and admitted their complicity in the plot to rob the greatest nation on the face of the globe! But they chose to adopt the opposite course—to steal, and then to *lie* about it. No wonder they are now doing penance in the dismal dungeons of the dark confines of a prison! No wonder that they are pleading for pardon and forgiveness, while the *worm*, which *they* never respected, is gnawing at their vitals! So, while the thieves and falsifiers end their days in dishonor, and are heard of no more beyond the silent tomb, a nation rises to revere the memory of the boy whose motto was "Truth and my country." No wonder that, to-day, forty millions of freemen are shouting hozannas in his praise and giving utterance to those glorious truths which proclaimed us a nation! Oh, that we could impress upon the rising generation the beauty and virtues of truth-telling! But the task is almost hopeless, for the boys of the present day are about as wicked a set of scallywags as can be scared up. The influence of goodness is lost upon them, and the sweet impressions of early childhood have been obliterated by the unholy desires of riper years. Let us ponder o'er these self-evident truths, and let us so live that our pious examples may, like the confession of George Washington, be indelibly engraved upon the hearts of the boys and girls of the period.

THE OWNERS of the lost Harvest Queen have entered suit against the Adriatic for damages. This reminds us that when a *man* "settles down" he is generally thought to be *saved*, but when a *ship* settles down it is generally *lost*. So, the Harvest Queen having *settled down*, her owners want the Adriatic to *settle up!* Queer, isn't it?

RECORDED!—On the 16th of February, 1876, President Grant signed the Centennial Appropriation Bill with a pen made of a quill from the wing of an American eagle! Had good Mr. Bergh or any of his argus-eyed agents been present, this cruelty to our emblematic bird would not have been permitted.

SOME UNRULY BOYS are making it warm for schoolteachers in New Jersey. In Moorestown, on Feb. 17, a pupil in the public-school *clubbed* his teacher, Miss Ida Jones, and dangerously injured her. It used to be the other way; but scholars are keeping up with the progress of the times.

THE ENEMIES of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the proposition to remove the capital of Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, are both *trying to harass Bergh!*

SOMEBODY wants to know whether a statuette in *brass*, of the author of it, would be a *vigorous* compliment. It would certainly have a *Rowe bust* appearance!

A MAN who ought to know declared to us, the other day, that counterfeiters follow Captain Cuttle's advice when they take a piece of paper and *make a note of it!*

IT WOULDN'T BE a bad idea for Sergeant Bates to go over to England again, and pilot Weston on his travel. Then we would have *that* much off our minds during the Centennial.

STOKES is still pegging away at the Judges. If he continues his assaults much longer, the courts will be compelled to let him out, just to get rid of him.

AND NOW Winslow himself needs a little soothing-syrup.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Feb. 14: It was announced per cable that Spain had sent to her representatives abroad a memorandum declaring that the Cuban insurrection is not led by patriots but by foreign adventurers; that the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented a resolution in the British House of Commons authorizing £4,080,000 to pay the Khedive for the Suez Canal shares; that legal proceedings had been instituted against *The Republique Francaise*, M. Gambetta's organ, for a violent attack upon Minister Buffet; that on the 3d Gen. Concha's troops left Manila, Philippine Islands, to punish the Sooloo pirates; that, as a warning against emigration to the United States, the following had been published in Berlin: "The German Minister at Washington was recently asked to interfere in behalf of Germans living in Louisiana, who, it was alleged, were naturalized [?] by the Kuklux. The Minister could do nothing;" that a Russian and an Austrian Commission have been nominated to investigate the circumstances connected with the recent outrages against the Christians at Brussa and Angora, in the Turkish provinces; that riotous disturbances, during which several persons were severely injured, occurred during a Catholic demonstration at Matlines, Belgium; that Venezuela had demanded that the differences with Holland be submitted to the arbitration of one of the great European powers; that Rivers Wilson, Controller-general of the National Debt Department, left for Egypt on the 15th, in response to the Khedive's request for the assistance of an English financier, and, should the position offered satisfy him, will take service and receive an office of the Khedive; and that it was reported that an English vessel had landed at Gravosa 14,000 rifles and two field-pieces for the Herzegovinians.....it was reported that the Liberal bank in Santo Domingo had issued $2,000,000 CINCINNATI.—We know nothing of those players.

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DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BUSHNELL, A. C.—Prominent in Great Barrington, Mass. He was connected with the Monumental Mills of Housatonic, was president of the Berkshire Life-Insurance Company. Of heart disease.—Great Barrington, Feb. 18.

BAILEY, Christina.—Wife of Dr. Thomas Bailey.—Hempstead, L. I., Feb. 18, aged 64.

BUSHNELL, Dr. Horace.—Eminent American theologian, in whose honor the city park at Hartford, Ct., was named Bushnell Park. He was a native of Litchfield, Ct., graduated at Yale College in 1827, entered the ministry in 1833, and settled in Hartford in 1833. He was the author of a number of works either of a theological or a simply literary character, and in 1839 was editor of *The Journal of Commerce* of this city.—Hartford, Feb. 16, aged 73.

DE VILLAFRANCA, Don Antonio.—Spanish Minister to Russia, in whose house the ex-Queen Isabella resided.—St. Petersburg, Feb. 15, aged 56.

O'HAGAN, Mrs.—Abbess of the Convent of Poor Clares, and only sister of Lord O'Hagan.—Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 16.

O'FARRELL, Rev. Timothy.—Pastor of the R. C. Church of the Visitation, Jersey City.—Jersey City, Feb. 17.

PRATT, Erasmus C.—Of the Philadelphia firm of Pratt Bros. & Farmer.—Salford Priors, Eng., Feb. 13, aged 63.

ROBINSON, Hon. Frederick P.—For many years a partner of Robinson & Betts, having been admitted to the bar of this city in 1830. He was the grandson of Col. Beverley Robinson, the friend and confidant of Benedict Arnold, and in his early days was a clerk in the office of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury.—Staten Island, N. Y., Feb. 14, aged 67.

ROOSEVELT, Mrs. Cornelia Van Ness.—Widow of Judge James I. Roosevelt of this city, and daughter of the late ex-Governor Van Ness of Vermont. She was conspicuous for her hospitality at home in this city, and had for many years figured in fashionable circles abroad.—Paris, France, Feb. 14.

REED, William B.—Formerly a leading lawyer of Philadelphia, and subsequently Professor of Law and Dean of the chair of Professor of English Literature and of Rhetoric at the University of Pennsylvania. The deceased was also an author, and had been U. S. Minister to China, and in Philadelphia on June 30, 1806. Having graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1822, he was in 1838 elected Attorney-general of that State. Of late years he had resided in this city, where he had contributed liberally to the columns of leading newspapers. He was the grandson of Joseph Reed of Revolutionary times, famous for his utterance: "I am worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to purchase me."—this city, Feb. 18, aged 69.

SPAULDING, Judge Alexander.—Of the Marine Court of this city, and for many years a leading lawyer there. He was born at Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y., studied law in the office of the late Millard Fillmore, and, removing to this city, soon became a leader of the legal profession—this city, Feb. 20, 1847.

TURNER, Isaac G.—Long cashier of the Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia.—that city, Feb. 13, aged 71.

TESCHE, Alexander.—Author, publisher and writer. Professor of Political Economy at the University of Breslau, and a member of the Prussian

cept his brother-in-law and his own father; but the fire that in September, 1871, destroyed his warerooms and manufactory in San Francisco swept much of his means away, and the death of his father calling him East in the following month culminated eventually in the loss of a number of debts that were given to other parties for collection. Alike as a business man and as a backer of billiard-players, Geo. Phelan's lines have assuredly not fallen in pleasant places. As a backer of billiard-players he withdrew in 1872; and in conformity with a resolution expressed to us a year or so ago, it is probable that he will now withdraw from billiards altogether.

DAN BERNSTEIN'S NEW ROOM.—Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 16, saw the opening of this establishment, which is located on the west side of Broadway, near Barclay street. The proprietor is Dan Bernstein, latterly of the firm of Lynch & Bernstein of this city, but for many years connected with the Delavan House, Albany. Mr. Bernstein retains the barroom and lunch counter, but the billiard-room, containing five of H. W. Collender's tables, has been leased to William Sexton for $1,000 a year. The bar is personally presided over by John Galvin, until recently with John T. Reeves, and who, because of his connection with 185 Sixth avenue ten years ago, is well known to billiard men pretty much all over the country. In the management of the billiard department Sexton has the assistance of his brother John, while the fifteen-ball-pool table, stationed at the farther end of the room, is in care of William Trimble, formerly with Flynn & Marron. The establishment was opened to the public at about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and the tables were kept busy until one o'clock on the following morning—something unusual for a down-town house. The impression prevails in amateur circles that Sexton will do a thriving business in his new quarters. There will be a formal opening there in a few days, when the leading experts will assist.

BILLIARD-ROOM TOPICS.—A. P. Rudolphe has leased the premises 315 Broadway, and will open shortly with either ten or twelve tables.....A. R. Samuells is looking for a metropolitan location.....Experts are also two Boston gentlemen in town searching for a like location.....Capt. James E. Boyle, and also three other parties, have their eye upon 83 Nassau street, with the view of reopening it as a room.....John Duane's room, Fulton street near Broadway, passed under the auctioneer's hammer on the 16th inst.....Durand's room, Broadway and Thirty-second street, has changed hands, the new lessee being Adrian Izar, who will refit it and open it in a few days.....It is also proposed to revive the old Empire Room, which in 1846 was renamed Michael Phelan's "Arcade," and which is now covered by a rather familiar house known as No. 8 Barclay street. It is said that, reconstructed, these premises will hold something like twenty tables.....Edward Crane on Feb. 14 opened a room at Holyoke, Mass. It is three tables large, and among the players said to have been present are Melvin Foster and Charles Shaw, which statement is a contradiction of the rumor that Melvin had gone West.

BAGATELLE IN BROOKLYN.—Thus a correspondent, who has failed to give date of playing:

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.

TO EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* A game of the parlor bagatelle took place at George H. Bull's, 679 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, between Charles Kolb and Charles Obesny. After a hard struggle, the latter came out victorious. Considerable money changed hands after the match a great deal of talking brought on another match for $25, which Kolb won.

AN AMATEUR BILLIARD-PLAYER DEAD.—It is not generally known, even in this country, how famous the name towards American abroad has passed into a proverb, was also an ardent devotee of the American game of billiards. In 1857, when she made Rome her residence, a pocket-table was placed in her house, and the game continued a favorite with her until she was attacked by the disease that, defying surgical skill in 1868, ultimately proved fatal. Learning that in America canons were superseding the canon of hazards, Miss Cushman ordered "chocks" to fill up the pockets on her table, that thus it might be made to do double duty. These "chocks" were among the first ever made by Phelan & Collender, and they were probably the first ever seen in Europe on a table having "jaw" pockets.

OBITUARY.—Maurice Daly, father of the well-known professionals Maurice and Jeremiah Daly, died at his residence, 347 E. 40th street, this city, on Saturday last, his ailment being paralysis, from which he had long suffered. The deceased was a genial gentleman, a favorite with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and was also well known in the Eighteenth and Twentieth Wards. He had for many years been connected with the Volunteer Fire Department, and for quite a while held office under the municipal government. He had reached his fifty-fifth year. The funeral will take place to-day (Feb. 22).

NORTHWEST AND SOUTHWEST CHAMPIONSHIP.—Going to press this week at a much earlier hour than usual, we lack the details of the match between Bieglich and Shaw, who was to have played at the Academy of Music, Chicago, on Feb. 19. The bare statement reaches us that Shaw won by 500 to 483, Bieglich having been the favorite. Shaw will now probably go to Washington at Michael Geary's new room.

A MASSACHUSETTS CHALLENGE.—An unknown, residing in Massachusetts, writes us that he will play anyone else in that State for $100 a side, at four-ball caroms, 2,000 points up.

HO! FOR ENGLAND.—Sexton will in all likelihood sail for Liverpool on Saturday next in the steamer City of Richmond. The table will go by the same steamer.

THE MEDAL.—It is proposed that Rudelphe shall challenge Garnier for the medal.

HANDBALL.

AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH.
The American Champion's Challenge.

The rapidly increasing popularity of handball—the Irishman's national game—in this country has led to a desire to see a grand international tournament take place in this country during the Centennial year, in which the best handball players of Great Britain and Ireland can meet the champion players of America. The leading successors of the old Irish champion players, Martin Butler of Kilkenny and Billy Baggs of Tipperary—now retired veterans—are, we believe, Thomas Watters and Alexander Kickham of Dublin. There are, however, other noted players in Ireland, county champions, who rank high in handball circles in the "old sod," and to these, as well as the two noted players above named, does Phil Casey—the champion player of America—address himself. In an interview with Casey recently he authorized us to state that he is very desirous of getting up a series of international matches at handball for this Centennial year, and, in order to do so, he will pay the traveling expenses to this country of any player of Great Britain and Ireland who will accept his challenge to play him a grand match for $10,000! The match to be played in New York and Philadelphia, this year. Phil says he is willing to play any handball player in Ireland for $5,000 a side, he, Phil, paying his expenses across the Atlantic; or he and his brother, James Casey, will play any two players of all Ireland in a four-handed match for $5,000 a side, expenses to America to be paid. Four players, too, stand ready to back themselves for the above amount in a series of matches against any four the world can present. But, as it is well known that Ireland contains the champion players of Europe, the challenge is aimed chiefly at the handball experts of that country. What with the Irish Rifle Team and the All-Ireland Cricket Twelve, which will probably visit America this year, as also the racket contests which are being arranged, there ought to be no difficulty in getting up a series of interesting handball matches. Of course, the Caseys will stand ready to play return matches in Ireland.

THE CHAMPIONS IN NEW YORK.

On Feb. 15 McQuade's court was crowded with spectators, though the charge for admission was half a dollar, the attraction being a visit of the Brooklyn champions—Phil Casey and the "Two Jims"—to play the last of the series of games in which Phil Casey, assisted by Barney McQuade, had tried to defeat Jas. Casey and Jas. Dunn in a series of best four out of seven games. Though the success of the pair had made them favorites with the betting men, it was expected that this time Phil and Barney would take them into camp, and an exciting contest was anticipated, as well as a fine display of the beauties of the game. The pair won the toss, and Dunn went in to serve the ball. So effective was his fagging to the outer court that he had run up no less than 16 aces, of which 13 were by service, before he was disposed of, Phil Casey changing places with Barney in the outer court after Dunn had scored 8 aces. After Phil had put Dunn out, Jim Casey went in to get two to win, and he had run up the score to 20, when Phil put him out with a low rifle-shot return. The marker now called "love 20," and everyone expected to see the game end in favor of the pair the next inning. To the surprise of the crowd, however, Barney began serving some difficult balls. When 5 had been scored, Dunn retired to the court, and Phil went in and scored 16 aces in succession by service, thereby winning *the game by 21 to 20 in one inning's play*, a record unequaled in a match of the kind. With this feat to start with, Phil and Barney found it but little trouble to win the second game, which they did by the appended score:

Phil and Barney	6	1	2	1	0	12	—21
Jim and Dunn	3	3	3	1	0	..—	9

The third game was almost a walk-over for the pair, Phil not scoring an ace, while Barney was only able to call for three marks, the pair winning in two innings by the double figures of 11 for Jim and 10 for Dunn.

The fourth game was almost equally as one-sided, the result being an easy victory for the pair by the appended score:

Jim and Dunn	3	4	7	8	—21		
Phil and Barney	1	3	1	1	—6		

Dunn's service was very effective, he scoring 13 to Jim's 3, his "tossing" puzzling both Phil and Barney.

In the fifth game the champion and his partner rallied well, and, after a close contest, came near winning, the score giving the victory to the pair by a couple of aces only, Jim taking the lead in service this time. The score was as follows:

Jim and Dunn	0	5	11	1	3	0	2	—21
Phil and Barney	0	4	7	4	2	2	..	—19

The pair now only had one game to get to win the match; but this time the champion got down to his work, and, being finely assisted by Barney, the result was that the close of the second inning saw them in the van by 15 to 2, and in the third inning they ran out, the score being as follows:

Phil and Barney	0	15	6—21				
Jim and Dunn	1	2	5—8				

Each side had now won three games. The pair took the lead at the start by 5 to 2, and at the close of the third inning the score stood at 11 to 3 in their favor. Then Phil and Barney rallied to the tune of 11 aces, leaving the totals at 13 to 14, and the game in an interesting position. In the three next innings, however, the pair scored 9 to Phil and Barney's 4, and thereby won the game by the appended score:

Jim and Dunn	3	0	6	3	0	5	2—21	
Phil and Barney	2	3	0	0	11	0	2	—18

This closed the series of games in which the quartet had participated, the pair winning the last three series. The full score of aces by service and returns is as follows:

	ACES BY SERVICE.						
Dunn	13	4	5	15	6	1	9—51
J. Casey	0	3	6	3	8	2	1—23—74
P. Casey	16	12	0	0	4	1	2—40
B. McQuade	3	1	0	2	0	6	1—13—59
	ACES BY RETURNS.						
Dunn	3	1	5	0	1	3	4—17
J. Casey	1	1	5	5	6	5	1—29—46
P. Casey	1	3	0	3	6	10	4—27
B. McQuade	0	0	2	2	5	4	5—28—50

The summary by innings is as follows:

Dunn and Jim	20	9	21	21	21	7	21—120	
Phil and Barney	21	21	3	6	10	21	18—100	

Hands put out by Phil. 23; by Barney, 17; by Jim, 15; by Dunn, 28.

HANDBALL AT LOUISVILLE, KY.—The game of handball was inaugurated in the above city on St. Valentine's Day by a friendly contest between Messrs. Snyder, Gerhardt, Allison and Ellick, the latter one of next season's Eagle B. B. C. Snyder and Gerhardt were backed to play against Allison and Ellick. The game, being such a novelty in that section, drew quite an admiring audience to Rugby School, where the match came off. The Louisville pair were victorious, winning the first and third games by the respective scores of 21 to 17 and 21 to 20, Allison and Ellick winning the second game by 21 to 15. Thursday, Feb. 24, Messrs. Devlin and Bechtel will play Snyder, Gerhardt and Allison.

AQUATIC.

ENGLAND AND THE CENTENNIAL REGATTA.

In *Bell's Life* of Feb. 5 we find the following concerning the prospects of England being represented in the amateur races during the international regatta to be held on the Schuylkill the coming Summer:

As far as Oxford is concerned there is very little reason to expect, from what has transpired, that any attempt will be made, in any way, to be represented at the New York race. The University has declined to go, and no hint or suggestion has been thrown out respecting what may be done by any of the individual colleges on the banks of the Isis. At Cambridge, too, the University, in its corporate capacity, has finally decided not to send a crew; but suggestions have been thrown out respecting a college crew being entered, and, at the Cambridge meeting, held last Thursday night, when representatives from every college club were present, it was evident that, if any college club should find themselves in a position to send a crew, the University generally would be only too ready and willing to help, in the way of expense, which would undoubtedly be very great. That such a contingency will happen seems, however, doubtful, and in fact, we are very much inclined to fear that no British institution, either university or college, will be found willing to attend the International Collegiate Boat Race. That such should be the case we much regret, and our opinion in that respect will probably be acquiesced in by English people generally. It was a very plucky and praiseworthy act on the part of Harvard University to send a four to this country to contend against Oxford, and we could only wish that it were practicable for that visit to be returned by our own universities, which, as yet, it has not been. Englishmen, generally speaking, are first and foremost in everything. Captain Boyton was considered to have accomplished a great feat when he swam across the Channel in a waterlight suit; but this deed was very soon afterwards placed in the background by our fellow-countryman, Captain Webb. But in the matter of rowing, America at present has, to use a slang phrase, a decided "pull" over us in the way of enterprise and pluck. Twice has an American crew raced us on the Thames, but on no occasion has an English amateur crew returned the visit.

Whether the Universities, or either of them, will feel disposed to attend the regatta at Philadelphia remains to be seen. It is not likely, however, that both will go; and whichever crew is defeated in the forthcoming race on the Thames, that man's University will probably be a sure starter for the American event. The successful University in that contest might consider the matter, but what would be the result of their deliberations on the subject it would be very speculative to foretell or suggest. The chief objection would probably be in the way of expense; but, if a suitable crew can be found ready to give up their time, and should be willing to go, such an objection is not a great one in a country like our own, ought not for a moment to come in the way. If the resident members of the University are unable to raise a sufficient sum for the purpose, surely there are many old University men "down" who would be only too willing to help in a matter in which they, to a large extent, are interested! This matter may, however, rest for the present be allowed to rest, and the final point for consideration is whether England is to be represented at all at the forthcoming international regatta. From information at our command, we are glad to say that we have every reason to believe that she will. The meeting has every likelihood of being a grand affair; it is to be principally an amateur gathering; it is to be held at a most convenient time of the year; English amateur oarsmen, occupying the position they do in the aquatic world, will be falling in their duty if no British crew is present at the great aquatic fete which takes place at Philadelphia next August. Although nothing has as yet been officially decided, we believe the matter has been more than talked over in the Rowing Club, and that one of the officers of that representative English rowing club—if we may so call it—well known for his indefatigable efforts, has already interrogated one or two gentlemen as to the possibility of their being able to find time to go, which will, probably, be the only objection that in this instance can be raised to a crew being sent. At a time goes on we shall probably hear more at the matter, and, in conclusion, we feel certain that we shall only be echoing the unanimous voice of metropolitan oarsmen generally in expressing the hope that one crew at least from old Father Thames may be seen at Philadelphia next August.

THE ALLEGHENY BARGE CLUB has been added to the imposing array of boating organizations in the city of Smoke and neighborhood. It was organized in the Fifth Ward of Allegheny, and is officered as follows: President, James H. Lindsay; vice-president, 'Squire Stewart; secretary, W. G. Lee; treasurer, B. T. Collins; commodore, Leon Long; captain, Henry Coulter; coxswain, Alex. Paterson. The new club have already nearly one hundred members, and occupy a new boat-house 70x14ft. A four-oared shell and two or three singles now comprise the fleet, but to this a number of additions will be made this Spring and Summer; so that in the height of the rowing season the organization will present a respectable flotilla.

THERE is no certainty that the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., will participate in the Centennial regatta. The crew are willing and anxious to go, but no action has as yet been taken toward sending them. Will their former backers and their fellow-citizens permit the question of expense, at the most not great, to prevent the attendance of this famous four?

BOSTON VS. CITY POINT.—With the object of discovering which possesses the better crew, and will be able therefore to the more worthily represent the Hub at the Centennial regatta, two races between fours belonging to the above Boston and City Point clubs, each for $500 a side, were arranged at a meeting held at the residence of Dr. John P. Ordway, on Saturday evening, Feb. 19. The first is to be rowed over a four-mile straight course on the Charles River, on March 6, at 10 A. M., the boats to be rowed on the gunwale; the second race to be pulled in shells, over a five-mile course, in Dorchester Bay, June 24, at 3:30 P. M. Robert F. Clark was chosen referee in both races, and in case of his declination provision was made in the articles for Thomas Dean or Gen. R. H. Stevenson to fill the position. A deposit of $100 was staked by each side in the hands of Dr. Ordway, who is final stakeholder. The names of the oarsmen constituting the opposing crews are: Boston—George Faulkner, F. McGahey, M. Mahoney and Patrick Reagan; City Point—W. J. Higgins, H. Landrie, H. Weigel and T. Scallon.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB of Boston, Mass., recently elected the following officers: Commodore, John M. Forbes; vice-commodore, F. D. Boardman; rear commodore, Chas. Whitney; secretary, Henry B. Jackson; treasurer, Patrick T. Jackson; measurer, Frank D. Child; regatta committee, W. M. Whitney, John Jeffries Jr., R. F. Clark, R. H. Stevenson, and A. L. Huntington.

THE MCKEE, Sheridan and Juniata Clubs of the Southside, Pittsburg, have consolidated.

THE RING.

NED O'BALDWIN'S ALLEGED MURDERER ON TRIAL.
The Jury Disagrees.

On Friday, Feb. 18, the Court of Oyer and Terminer, this city, was crowded with sporting men and others, gathered to hear the testimony in the trial of Michael Finnell for the murder of Edward O'Baldwin the Irish Giant. Judge Barrett occupied the bench. Dr. Joseph Cushman, the first witness, said he had made a post-mortem examination of the deceased on Sept. 29, 1875. On an examination of the body one pistol-shot wound in the chest and on other in the abdomen were discovered; witness then described the wounds.

Pelham Harris testified that he was sitting in the bar-room in West street, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock on the evening of the murder; witness saw O'Baldwin call Finnell into the back-room, saying something about business; they had not been there long before witness heard two pistol-shots in quick succession; the shots were so indistinct that witness did not at first think them to be pistol-shots; witness made a rush towards the back room, and several men followed him; Brophy, the bar-keeper, was there first; Brophy snatched the pistol from O'Baldwin's hand; the witness at the same time grasped Finnell by the sleeve of his coat; several persons pulled him, and Brophy got his pistol away; in a second or more all had left the room except the deceased, who remarked: "He has killed me. He has shot me twice. Let me get out." Witness recognized Finnell.

James Nelson testified that he had been in the room where the shooting occurred; witness was saleep on a lounge; the first shot woke him up, and before he could turn around he heard the second shot. Officer Shiels, who attended the autopsy over the body of the deceased, showed that the wounds must have been received while the deceased was in a sitting posture. Joseph Cassidy of No. 114 Greenwich street, at whose residence O'Baldwin died, testified to certain of the latter's statements before death. O'Baldwin had told witness that he had called to see Finnell about closing up the business; O'Baldwin told witness he had said to Finnell that he would find another man to put money into the business; Finnell had thereupon drawn his pistol and shot him twice; he had then struggled to get hold of the pistol, but was stopped by the barkeeper and the others rushing in.

Capt. Charles McDermott of the Eighth Precinct testified that the prisoner surrendered himself on Sept. 29, two days after the shooting; Finnell confessed having committed the deed, but said he had done it in self-defense. Samuel Cavanagh, sworn on behalf of the defense, testified to having heard O'Baldwin threaten to kill the prisoner while both were in the back-room. The prisoner testified that O'Baldwin charged him with falsehood, and after some angry remarks caught him by the neck and said: "I'll kill you anyhow." The deceased then gave witness a blow, knocking him down; witness could not get out, and as O'Baldwin was about to strike him witness fired a shot; O'Baldwin then closed on him, and in the scuffle the pistol went off a second time.

This closed the testimony, and, after the counsel had summed up, the judge delivered his charge, explaining the different kinds of homicide. The real point was to decide whether the prisoner had reasonable cause to believe that his life or limb was in danger, or else that he was in danger of serious bodily harm. The case was given to the jury at 9.30 P. M., after being out all night returned with a verdict of aquittal. The prisoner was thereupon discharged.

THOUGH JIM TURNER gave a number of his down-town brother boxers tickets for his exhibition at Germania Hall, West Thirty-sixth street, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, not a soul of them, save his old opponent within the ropes, Jim Frawley, thought it worth while to go that much out of his way to assist one who has often done them like favors. In consequence of this, considerable disappointment was expressed by the spectators, who, however, had little, if any, cause to grumble upon any other score, as the programme was lengthy and the affair entertaining. The glove-manipulators were Jack Cash and George King, Young Carman (a seventeen-year-old son of Johnny), and "Cashy," a chip of the old block, which is praise enough for several days; and Elder, J. Logan and P. Lusk, Jordan and friend, Kearns and McDonald, Frank White and Mullen, Jack Cash and Jack Carroll, and the wind-up between Turner and Frawley. Billy Scott also picked on the banjo, and Tom Tyne swung clubs. Uncle Tovee made his first appearance in this quarter in his customary capacity of M. C., and received quite an ovation at the hands of uptown friends.

THE USUAL Thursday afternoon sparring and variety entertainment at Harry Hill's was last week fairly attended and the beneficiary furnished sport enough to render a full equivalent for the stamps of the visitors. A first-rate variety show was supplemented by sets-to between McGinty and Cleary, "Glasgow" and Kelly, McGinnis and Morrison, Mike Coburn and Ned Mallahan, and Peter Croker and Jerry Leary. The last-mentioned couple boxed for a cup, offered by the proprietor of the entertainment, which was awarded by Mr. Hill to Croker. Uncle Tovee, M. C.

JERRY CONKLIN, years ago one of the regulars at sparring exhibitions in the metropolis, and who can still hold his own with many younger men without trouble, is announced to take a benefit at Harry Hill's Varieties on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 24. Jerry will put on the gloves with Jim Kerrigan, the occasion constituting his first appearance in public in a long time. Give the old boy a boost.

CARNEY'S CASE.—The indictment charging Robert Carney with having murdered John F. Ryan, the victim of the fatal prize-fight in Bussey's Woods, near Boston, Mass., was on Feb. 14th *nol pros'd*, and Carney was arraigned on an indictment charging manslaughter. In default of $5,000 bail, he was committed to jail to await trial.

DOMINICK READLEY'S widow returns thanks to Johnny Forsythe, Arthur Chambers, Frank Gormley, and all who took tickets for the recent benefit gotten up for her in the Quaker City.

DWYER AND ROOKE.—A meeting of these men was held on the morning of Monday, Feb. 21, for the purpose of arranging a glove match, for which Rooke had issued a challenge. The latter wanted to make it for $500 a side, the contest to take place in this city, not later than a week from signing, while Dwyer desired to raise the stake to $1,000 a side for he preferred a bet of that amount), six weeks, to get thoroughly fit, and to test for city in which to box; both agreeing that neither man should have more than twenty-five friends present besides the seconds, referee, etc. Rooke finally consented to spar in six weeks' time, and Johnny said that $500 a side would satisfy him, but he insisted that the place should be tossed for, to which George finally agreed. The two principals attended to flipping the piece, and Dwyer won, but declined to name the city in which the affair was to be decided until ten days before the day of fighting. Rooke insisted that he should be informed there and then, contending that the usual ten day's notice applied only to the exact place which Dwyer might fix upon for the decision of the match. Johnny declined to look at it in that light, and as Rooke would not, without further instructions from his backers, do otherwise than he had done, an adjournment was had until Thursday, Feb. 24, at 12 o'clock M., when they will make another effort to come to terms, and if each is clearly in dead earnest, they ought not to have much trouble in doing so. Each man put up $50 as a guarantee of good faith, and to this Dwyer subsequently added $150, making $250 of his money now up. He says he is ready to make the match for as much as George can get.

MATTHIAS RUSH, well known some twenty years ago from his fight with Dominick Bradley, did not long survive his old antagonist, his demise occurring on the morning of the 15th inst., at his residence, in Philadelphia. The deceased, who was in the 47th year of his age, had been ill a long time. The funeral took place on the afternoon of Feb. 17 from his late residence, No. 2,537 North Broad street, Philadelphia.

WM. FALDON SR., the father of the well-known Philadelphia sporting celebrity, died on the 13th inst., at Tacony, N. J., in the 92d year of his age. He was a native of England, where he originated the famous Clasper crew, and was well known to the rowing and pugilistic fraternities of both countries.

THE WHEDEN-CLEARY MATCH in Philadelphia is progressing; the second deposit of $50 a side was to have been made Feb. 21, in that city. Mike Donovan, who is to train Cleary, is at present filling an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland.

PROF. WILLIAM MILLER of this city and Thomas Denny of Boston, Mass., have made arrangements to afford the public a sight worth seeing on the evening of March 2, when they are to spar for about an hour's time at Music Hall. They ought to make a splendid set-to.

MATT. GRACE, the well-known wrestler, was severely cut on the head with a bottle during an affray with Michael Quigley in a saloon on Sixth avenue, this city, last week.

JIMMY HALLORAN, of Rhode Island fame, is on Noonan's Varieties, Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, March 9.

PROF. MR. MILLER, we have a letter for you.

BOWLING.

ATHLETIC vs. TERPSICHORE.

The bowling tournament for the championship is progressing, several match games having been played during the past week. On Monday, Feb. 14, the Athletics of Williamsburg and the Terpsichores came together at the alley of the latter, in the Germania Assembly Rooms, and the game of bowling mustered in force. The Terpsichores had their alley in first-rate condition, a new set of pins being used, which stood so square and firm that they required considerable knocking down, and large scores were difficult to be obtained. The Athletics took a commanding lead on the first frame, and increased it steadily until, on the fourth frame, they were 88 points ahead. The Terpsichores then commenced playing in their customary fine style, and with such effect that on the seventh frame they were only four points behind their antagonists, Gerber, Groh, Sauer and Eiseman doing good service. On the next frame, however, the Terpsichore team went all to pieces, and the Athletics again led 35 points. Excitement prevailed throughout the next two innings, which culminated when the scores were announced—Athletics, 1,259; Terpsichores, 1,205. The last frame was witnessed by many and excitements, but again did the Terpsichores fall away in their play, and the Athletics eventually came off victors by 23 points.

ATHLETIC.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	TERPSICHORE.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
R. M. Hopps	1	4	5	136	Chas. Eiseman	2	3	5	136
H. Steubenvoll	2	2	6	124	E. C. Biele	0	6	4	138
J. R. Schlick	5	1	5	143	Isaac Hahn	0	5	5	147
G. Field	1	3	6	119	Henry Groh	1	5	4	135
W. Moller	1	6	3	147	M. Schindhelm	0	6	4	141
John Rofkar	2	6	2	171	S. Gerber	1	2	4	148
G. Relyea	1	3	5	139	Leo Kahn	1	5	4	142
Geo. Fries	1	7	2	161	Wm. Biel	2	3	5	139
H. Bartlett	0	4	6	128	F. A. Sauer	2	3	5	141
W. Richardson	2	4	3	159	George Kuhn	1	2	6	124
Totals	15	40	45	1414	Totals	12	43	45	1391

Umpire, D. Moore of the Empires. Scorers, Messrs. Reeves and Escher. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

MUTUAL vs. NASSAU.

The first of the series of match games between these two Williamsburg clubs for the championship was played on the evening of Feb. 10 at Fahnemayer's Alley, in Brooklyn, E. D. The Mutuals are a picked team, selected from the best bowlers of the various Williamsburg clubs, and organized under the above title into a new team. Hitherto they have won all the matches they have participated in, and held fair to carry off the championship banner. The Nassaus, although a young club, have already gained a high reputation among the bowling fraternity, having defeated the Nationals and Terpsichores in the championship series of games. They, however, had little hopes of beating the formidable Mutuals, who eventually gained the victory by a score of 1,657 to 1,522. The highest scores on the side of the Mutuals were made by Magerius, Beaber, and Bertges; on the side of the Nassaus, by T. Cooper, W. Wilson, and J. Church.

MUTUAL.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	NASSAU.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
Magerius	1	8	1	179	W. Wilson	4	3	3	166
Bergues	1	7	2	161	T. Cooper	2	6	2	172
Falkenmayer	1	7	2	166	Geo. Conover	2	3	5	144
Casper	2	4	4	147	J. Church	3	4	3	166
Zink	2	4	4	147	C. Cook	3	4	3	166
Kreuscher	0	4	6	123	J. Hoffman	1	4	5	129
Sutter	2	4	4	151	R. Biel	2	4	4	145
Beaber	3	6	3	172	J. Cook	3	6	1	131
Schotzler	1	5	4	167	T. Cooper	1	3	6	130
Bertges	2	0	2	176	R. Orr	1	6	3	140
Totals	23	49	28	1657	Totals	21	41	39	1522

Mutual	168	341	532	721	895	1036	1197	1362	1518	1657
Nassau	149	305	433	568	718	860	1008	1173	1367	1522

Umpire—J. L. Ellis. Scorers—Messrs. Keller and Folk. Time of game, 2h.

The return game between these clubs was played at Kettler's Alley on Monday evening, Feb. 14, and resulted, like the first game, in favor of the Mutuals, by a score of 1,544 to 1,499. The fact of the Mutuals having won all their matches so far in the tournament caused the attendance of bowlers to be very large, and the building was crowded in every part. The Nassaus commenced favorably, taking the lead on the first frame with a score of 158 to 140. When five frames each had been played, just one-half the game, the Mutuals had overtaken and passed their antagonists, the score then standing 759 to 696, or a lead of fifty-three, which they increased to 114 on the eighth frame. In the last two innings the Nassaus made one of the most brilliant rallies ever witnessed, making no less than 13 strokes and 8 spares, or a total of 322 pins—a feat never before equaled in bowling. The advantage that the Mutuals had gained in the middle of the game was, however, too great to be overcome, and that team won by 45 pins.

MUTUAL.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	NASSAU.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
Magerius	1	6	3	159	W. Wilson	3	3	4	154
Baumgartner	2	3	5	161	T. Cooper	3	5	3	161
Bertges	3	5	2	165	Geo. Conover	3	3	4	160
Kreuscher	2	3	5	127	Geo. Grum	3	3	4	155
Zink	3	3	2	222	Geo. Searle	3	3	4	153
Beber	1	4	5	127	R. Orr	1	5	3	129
Beyer	1	4	5	142	J. Church	2	3	5	139
Schottler	2	3	5	148	R. Ellis	4	2	4	157
Falkenmayer	1	5	4	138	C. Cook	2	3	5	145
Bertges	3	3	4	157	Thomas	1	2	7	111
Totals	16	41	38	1544	Totals	26	36	41	1499

Mutual	140	269	426	591	759	922	1073	1208	1356	1544
Nassau	158	301	454	574	694	839	983	1094	1290	1499

Umpire, Harry Bartlett of the Athletics. Scorers, Messrs. J. Moller and Folk. Time of game, 2h. 15m.

GERMANIA vs. EMPIRE.

The third and deciding game between the above teams in the championship tournament was played at Kettler's Alley, Williamsburg, on Thursday, Feb. 15, in the presence of a large assemblage of bowlers from New York and Brooklyn. In accordance with the rules, this game was played on a neutral alley, and each club brought out their best bowlers. The Germanias took the lead on the first frame, in which they made 6 points ahead, and steadily increased it until the fifth inning, when the scores stood 854 to 750. The Empires then improved in their play, and when the game was called on the tenth frame they stood 1,524 to 1,554, thus losing the match by 30 pins.

GERMANIA.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	EMPIRE.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
P. Moller	1	4	5	129	D. Moore	0	3	7	117
Chas. Toujes	4	4	2	182	J. Sullivan	2	5	3	153
E. Voege	3	2	5	148	G. Hayes	2	5	3	157
C. J. Moller	4	2	4	151	J. Mashler	3	4	3	164
H. Dick	4	2	4	154	L. Voss	3	4	3	161
G. Voege	4	6	1	187	M. Hayes	1	5	4	158
H. Moller	4	4	2	182	O'Neil	2	3	5	139
J. Moller	4	4	2	185	F. Wallace	2	5	3	165
J. Myer	3	3	4	153	P. McEvoy	0	4	6	120
A. Voge	0	5	5	128	M. Donenbaum	3	4	3	166
Totals	29	36	36	1554	Totals	19	45	36	1524

Germania	163	333	515	680	854	998	1144	1280	1405	1554
Empire	160	328	472	603	730	891	1051	1204	1373	1524

Umpire, H. H. Fiak of the Pin Knights. Scorers, Messrs. Diefenbach and Alterbrand. Time, 2h.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON TOURNAMENT.

The shooting tournament under the auspices of the Davenport (Iowa) Shooting Club opened on Feb. 9 with a good attendance. Marksmen were present from Chicago, Milwaukee, Beloit, Freeport, Rockford, Ottawa, Joliet, Quincy, Geneseo, and all parts of Iowa. The weather was tip-top for shooting—a sort of cloudy sky, which was very beneficial to the shootists. John McGinnes managed the dining-hall, and gave the boys a good dinner each day.

FIRST DAY, Feb. 9.—The first match opened at 11 o'clock, with thirty-two marksmen, single birds, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary. Four men tied on eight birds for first prize, $100, which was finally won by S. F. Gilman. James Joles took second money, $90; Charles Young third, $60; John Smith fourth, $45; and Louis Smith fifth, $35.

SECOND DAY, Feb. 10.—There were thirty-six entries for the second match of the tournament. The score showed some good shooting, eight marksmen having tied on eight birds. In the shoot-off Capt. A. H. Bogardus (champion) took first money, but divided it with the next nearest shooter, as that was the rule agreed to. The second money, $90, was awarded to S. F. Gilman. H. Vanblake took third, $70, and the fourth, $55 was taken by J. R. Green of Geneseo.

THIRD DAY, Feb. 11.—That ournament opened with a match for double birds. Twenty-six entries comprised this match; six birds up, two at each rise of twenty-one yards, with the usual boundary; $20 to first, $15 to second, $10 to third, $7 to fourth. The shoot proved the most exciting held as yet, and resulted as follows: Charles Koehler, L. H. Clearman, S. F. Gilman and Mr. Sherman taking the first, second, third and fourth prizes respectively. The second match, and the

THE TRAMP PRINTER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY NIX.

It was a seedy-looking tramp that on us cast his glim,
Hungry, tired—would we "a small collection" take for him?
He'd tramped from East St. Louis, working towns along the route—
For a steady situation he had vainly cast about.
Willing hands "re hacked up" a "stake" and plenty of good "grub,"
And a youthful-looking typo put him on his "case" to "sub."

Underneath the rough exterior of a tramp there often lies
Fond memory, and thus did this "old pard" soliloquize,
As he the "solid minion" did so deftly, neatly "pick,"
And "rattle up" his "thousands" with the best—and that was "quick:"

"I think it best to stop this tramp—in years I'm growing ripe—
And be a model man among the men of virtuous 'type,'
Yet some better-looking harness, and straighten up a bit;
And it may be, if I'm steady, I'll 'strike' a 'steady sit.'
I've a good old mother living in a far New England State,
And I'll go right home and see her, although it's rather late
To make amends for past neglect—I'll show her, though, I'm sound,
Notwithstanding that I've been quite low while on my tramp around.

Nigh on to seven years, I guess, I've been out on the roam,
I suppose I'm quite forgotten by the folks about the home,
And when I light among them I'll occasion some surprise,
And they who called me 'typo tramp' will open wide their eyes!
At my sudden appearance, for I mean to sail in g-y,
Dressed "bobby" in my Sunday 'togs' and with much bright array."

So thought this individual, and no doubt he meant to do
All that he thought, and carry all his resolutions through.
The spirit was quite willing, but the flesh was very weak,
And of this poor tramp's infirmities I may as well now speak:
When he drew his weekly stipend, did he strike a line for home,
To see his "good old mother," and say no more he'd roam?
Ah, no; he didn't do that, for he got chock-full of "beer,"
And he'll rusticate in prison for thirty days, 'tis clear.
When he leaves this rustic city he'll count the railroad ties;
And while walking may the pleasantest of pleasant thoughts arise.

Harrisburg Pa. Jan. 14, 1876.

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME

CHAPTER XL.

Forever, fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between and bid us part.—THOMPSON

Casting from him the dim foreboding which had fallen upon him at the sight of Howard Murpoint and Mr. Smythe, Bertie hurried to the park. It was the fashionable hour—but eleven the upper ten are either in bed or just thinking of breakfast—and the Row was nearly empty. Bertie did not meet with much difficulty in finding his quarry, for they were galloping up and down the ten in the height of enjoyment.

"Fitz, there is Bert—Mr. Fairfax."

"What! Bert out of his den as early as this! Hullo, old fellow!" he exclaimed as Bert came up. "What's the matter? Temple burnt down?"

"No," said Bert, "not that I am aware of."

Then he took off his hat as Ethel rode up.

"I've come out for a run," he said, the happiness and delight within him showing itself in his eyes, "and I thought perhaps I would find you here."

"Do you want me?" said Fitz, rather puzzled, for there was something in Bertie's face that looked momentous.

"No, I don't want you," said Bertie. "I wanted a word with your sister."

"Do you hear that, Eth? He wants to speak to you."

Ethel steered her horse near the rails, and Bertie went up and patted it. Now that he had the opportunity, he did not know what to say, or rather he was loth to say it before Fitz; he would rather have had Ethel alone, and, besides, the news was so precious a thing that he clung to it as long as he could.

"Fitz," he said, "do you mind lending me your nag? It isn't far to walk home."

"Eh?" said Fitz, "what do you mean? I say, what's up? Something between you and Eth., I'll bet a pound. Yes, here you are, old fellow; here's the nag. Don't you two get up to mischief."

He got off in a moment, like the good-natured fellow that he was, and Bertie sprang into the saddle.

"You're a good fellow Fitz," he said gratefully.

"Just so," said Fitz—"that's what every man says; but, I say, I don't know whether it's the right thing. What will the Earl and the Countess say? They're mighty particular, you know."

"I'll be respon ble," said Bertie, laughing. "Good-bye, old fellow; you are a good fellow, too."

Fitz nodded smilingly and trotted off.

The two lovers left thus, sat still, Ethel blushing and trembling, Bertie flushed and excited.

"Shall we have a gallop?" he said, and accordingly Ethel, without a word, put her horse into a run.

They rode to the end of the Row, then Bertie said:

"Don't you think it is very impudent of me to borrow your brother's horse and capture you?"

Ethel smiled faintly.

"Oh, my darling!" he burst out triumphantly, delightedly, "you are mine! I have seen the Earl this morning; and he has given you to me."

Ethel blushed and turned pale. She was surprised, but, oh, so glad—so glad.

"Yes," said Bertie. "I seem to be dreaming; I am only half in my senses; fancy, you are mine! mine, my very own. Wouldn't you come a little nearer and give me your hand?"

Ethel shook her head with smiling, joyous, downcast eyes. Bertie pushed his horse nearer, and audaciously seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. Ethel looked around, alarmed.

"There is no one to see us," said Bertie, "and what if they should? And this little hand is mine," he murmured, looking at it as it lay in his. "My very own, and you are all mine. Ethel, I am the richest, the happiest man in England this morning. Oh, my darling, what have I done that I should be so blest?"

To all this, and much more, Ethel said nothing. Perhaps she was too happy to speak. Perhaps she said much, though her lips were silent. They rode side by side, Bertie speaking of all his hopes and plans, she listening and drinking in the music of his voice.

Somehow or other they found themselves out of the Row and away to a secluded road, where there were no spectators. Then Lady Boisdale's question of the hand again, and while he murmured soft, sweet words, as lovers can and will, he performed a feat of equestrianism which would have made him a worthy candidate for a circus; for, with reckless daring, he bent forward, and actually snatched a kiss from the blushing but forgiving Ethel. Then they rode home, happy, glowing, at peace with all the world, and as much in love as any young couple in England.

"We shall meet to-night," said Bertie, "at Mrs. Mildmay's."

"Yes," said Ethel, "to-night;" and, though it was then one o'clock, to-night seemed as far off to her as the week after next.

Bertie left the horse at the Locklands' stables, and walked home to his chambers. The sun poured in at the windows and seemed to share his joy. The whole room looked light and happy and rejoicing. He drew the cork of a bottle of champagne and lit a cigar.

"I'll pour out a tumbler to the gods, that they may send us fortune anyway," he thought; then he walked about the room, and puffed and reveled in his happiness.

"How beautiful she looked!" he thought, "how thoroughbred. How sweetly she stood my impudence, and what a look she gave me from those violet eyes of hers! Oh, my darling, verily there are angels on earth, and you are one of them! And who says I am wrong to ask for her? I am not lowly born, though I am poor. And what if I am? I am strong to work for her, and I will make her happy. My darling shall want for nothing while I have a pen and an arm to wag it. She shall have her country cottage in the country, and her little house in town—Belgravia, it must be; I think I know the house, a little box with green sunblinds. A brougham—she must have a brougham, and a nice hack. She shall be happy, I swear; she shall never have to look back upon the old days of luxury and say—or think—'See what I have come to!' I can answer for that. I am too happy for this world of tears and uncertainties. Let me realize it! Ethel is my betrothed! She is to be mine! Her father has given her to me!

"Mine! Oh, if poor Les were only alive! I don't suppose a man could be happier than I am, but I wish he were alive. How glad he would be; he was always more delighted at another's good fortune than his own. Poor Les! Well, well, how strangely fate moves us on the chessboard of life! Who would have dreamed that he—the brave, noble fellow—should have been finished off; that I, the happy-go-lucky ne'er-do-well should marry glorious Ethel! I shall meet her to-night, perhaps get a word or two alone! There, let me go to work, or I shall be one of my mind with joy."

As he sat down at his table, his man entered with a letter. Bertie glanced at the envelope and tore it open. It was stamped with the Lackland crest. It contained a short note, which Bertie had no sooner read than he turned as pale as the paper, and staggered back into his chair like a man mortally wounded.

Before we glance over his shoulder and ascertain the contents of the letter which had so affected him, let us return to Mr. Howard Murpoint and Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, as they stand on the doorstep of Lackland House.

When the servant opened the door Mr. Murpoint inquired for Lord Lackland, and was soon, accompanied by his friend Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, ushered into the Earl's presence. Of course the Earl knew of Mr. Wilhelm Smythe's existence—it was impossible for anyone to remain in ignorance of that fact, for Mr. Wilhelm Smythe was a millionaire—but the Earl had never hitherto had the honor of setting itself and here's done so but for Howard Murpoint, to whose interests it was that they should meet.

When they entered the room Howard Murpoint introduced Mr. Smythe to the Earl, and then proceeded to business. He said that Mr. Smythe had been anxious to see the Earl as one of the directors of a certain mining company, to ask a few questions. The Earl admitted that he was on the board of directors, and answered the questions, or rather the captain answered them for him. Then Mr. Smythe announced his intention of becoming a director, and incidentally mentioned that he would, if there was any occasion for it, purchase the mine. The mask the Earl wore, the captain had intended that it should; and when Mr. Smythe rose to take his leave, Lord Lackland's adieu was a great deal more cordial than his greeting.

When the rich Mr. Smythe had gone, the captain said his dupe warily.

"A nice young fellow," he said.

"Very," said the Earl. "A good business man, I have no doubt."

"Immensely rich," said the captain, "immensely. I have no doubt that there are very few richer commoners in England."

"Indeed?" said the Earl.

"No," said Mr. Howard Murpoint, "I should say not. I am told that he could sign his name to a check for two millions, and that it would not be dishonored."

"Dear me," said the Earl, and he thought that it was a pity he had not been a little more cordial.

"Does the Countess know him?" asked Mr. Murpoint.

"No," said the Earl.

"A pity that," said the captain, stroking his hat thoughtfully, "for he is a very nice young fellow, I wonder if the Countess would oblige me by sending him a card for her next ball? I should take it as a personal favor."

The Earl stroked his moustache. He knew that Mr. Murpoint would not take so much trouble on behalf of Mr. Smythe if he, Mr. Murpoint, were not to get something out of it.

"I am sure the Countess would only be too delighted," he said. "But are you sure that Mr. Smythe would care to come?"

"I am certain that he would," said the captain. "Indeed, he was speaking of it only this morning. Poor fellow, he has become infatuated, like a great many of us."

"Infatuated?"

"Yes," said the captain softly; "infatuated with the beauty of Lady Boisdale!"

The Earl was almost guilty of a start. Now he saw the drift of Mr. Murpoint's words. And to think that he had been foolish enough to consent to Bertie's proposal! He could have bitten his tongue out. But there was no help for it. He had told Bertie that he should have Ethel, and there was an end of it. What a pity that the captain had not introduced Mr. Wilhelm Smythe before Bertie's proposal!

"Indeed!" he said. "I am sure we are very much flattered by Mr. Smythe's preference. It is a pity we did not know him. Unfortunately, there is no chance of his wishes being fulfilled. I have this morning promised the hand of Ethel to an old and devoted suitor."

"Ah!" said the captain. "May I, as one deeply interested in Lady Boisdale's welfare, ask to whom?"

"Certainly. To Mr. Fairfax."

"To Mr. Fairfax!" echoed the captain with as much polite astonishment and disgust in his voice as if the Earl had said "His Satanic Majesty." "To Mr. Fairfax!"

"Yes," said the Earl. "Mr. Fairfax called here this morning, just before you came, and pressed his suit so earnestly that I yielded and gave my consent—a very reluctant consent, I must confess."

The captain smiled.

"A conditional consent, I presume."

The Earl, though he winced, for he saw that the captain knew that he had appropriated Ethel's fortune, did not change color or move a muscle.

"No," he said; "I consented free of all conditions."

"That is, I may be allowed to say, most unfortunate," said the captain. "As I told you, my lord, I become many men's confidant. I am the repository of Mr. Smythe's secret. He adores—he worships your daughter, Ethel, Lady Boisdale, and he has implored me to exert any influence I may possess to persuade you to consent to his suit."

"It is too late."

"He is immensely rich," continued the captain softly; "he will make any settlement you like; he will waive all claim to Lady Boisdale's fortune—which you have spent; he will also take up the various mortgages on the estate, and, I have no doubt, hand them to you as a simple token of his affection and esteem!"

"It is too late!" groaned the Earl as the captain unfolded the now, alas, maddening programme. "It is too late! I have promised her to another!"

"Consider," said the captain. "If Mr. Smythe marries Lady Boisdale he will release you from your difficulties, will relinquish Ethel's fortune, will make a handsome settlement! Think of that!"

"I have to think of my fellow Fairfax this morning. Think of it! Of course I think of it! But do you think of my honor?"

"Your honor!" murmured the captain silkily. "It is a distressing thing, certainly; but think of the contrast, my lord. Your estate cleared of all encumbrance, a handsome settlement, and a man of Mr. Smythe's immense wealth for a son-in-law, against Mr. Bertie Fairfax, who has nothing in the world but what he earns, and can do nothing for you."

The Earl, who had thrown off all restraint, and was now as excited and passionately remorseful as he had hitherto through his life been calm and impassable, paced up and down like a tiger.

"I cannot do it!" he exclaimed. "But what can I do? I tell you I have given my consent this morning to this match."

"This morning," said the captain; "how long ago?"

"Three hours past," replied the Earl.

"Pig that I am," mused the captain. "And where was Lady Boisdale?"

"In the park, riding."

"Ah! Of course he would go to her at once," said the captain. "Perhaps he did not find her. I met him as he left the house."

"He would find her, of course," said the Earl.

"No matter," said Howard Murpoint. "If he has told her he, has had no time, neither has she, to tell anyone else. Write a letter to him, recalling your consent."

"Impossible," said the Earl.

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Murpoint.

"My word has been given, and if I were to break it I should be cut by every man in London. I dared not show my face in a single club."

"It is very unfortunate," said the captain coolly, "more unfortunate than you can imagine, for I have not told you all."

"All?" inquired the Earl. "What else is there to tell?"

"Mr. Smythe is a determined man," said the captain quietly, "and he assured me this morning that if he did not get your consent to his suit he should go to extremities."

"Extremities! what do you mean?"

"Simply this: that he will buy up the mortgage and call in the numerous bills which you have given, and come down on you like a hawk. He is a most determined young man. He will sell Lackland Hall and everything you possess, as sure as you stand there."

"He cannot," said the Earl with a smile. "I can make arrangements with my creditors. I can purchase the bills, raise the money, pay off the debts."

"I am afraid not," said the captain. "Because, you see, the bills are all in my hands."

"Your hands!" exclaimed Lord Lackland.

"Yes, mine," answered the captain softly, and with his sweetest smile. "It is very unfortunate! I promised this worthy young man that I would use my influence with your lordship to get in your consent. I gave my word of honor, and it is sacred to break it I should be cut by every man in London, and should not be able to enter a single club."

As he used the Earl's own words, and smiled his soft, deadly smile, the Earl sank into a chair and gasped for breath.

"Are you a man or a fiend?" he breathed.

"I am simply a man of business," said Mr. Murpoint, "and a man of my word."

"What am I to do? I am in your power!"

"Write a letter to this Mr. Fairfax, and tell him that you cannot consent, that you rescind the promise you gave this morning."

"I cannot, will not!" exclaimed the Earl. "I gave my consent!"

"But the Countess did not give hers," said the captain softly. "Say that you have consulted her, and that she is opposed to the match. Say that under those circumstances you could not keep your promise, and demand that Mr. Fairfax shall relinquish all claims to the hand of your daughter, Lady Lackland."

The Earl groaned.

"I could say that," he said.

"Of course," said the captain, and he drew a small writing-table towards him. "Write at once, my lord; there is no time to lose. The young idiot will be chattering all over London before nightfall."

The Earl sank on to a sofa, and stroked his moustache as if he meant to pull it out.

"I cannot," he said. "I can't frame the words."

"Then I will," said the captain. "Take this pen, my lord, at once. Do not give way to hesitation, for he who hesitates is lost; and assuredly, if you let the sun set without rescinding your promise, you will lose Mr. Smythe and his money."

The Earl, with another groan, seated himself at the table. The captain stood over him, quite the master of the situation, and dictated:

DEAR SIR.—I regret that circumstances have occurred which compel me, much against my will, to recall the consent which I reluctantly gave you this morning. I must beg of you to believe that I am obliged by the force of circumstances to rescind that consent, and that I am strengthened in my resolution to refuse you the hand of my daughter by the Countess, who is strongly opposed to any engagement taking place between you. If you have any claim upon Lady Boisdale, and acquainted her with your hopes and wishes, I must beg that you will, by writing, inform her that all engagements between you must cease, and that you are compelled in honor to refrain from prosecuting your suit. With regret I have arrived at this decision, and sign myself most sincerely your old friend,

LACKLAND.

P. S.—It would be as well, perhaps, if you could make arrangements to leave London for a time. If it should be inconvenient to you to do so, I will remove Lady Boisdale to one of my places in the country.

This letter was written and signed by the Earl. It was carried by a servant to the Temple, and it was read by our friend Bertie, as we have seen. Its effect upon him was beyond all description.

CHAPTER XLI.

Frone on the midnight surge, with panting breath,
They cry for aid and long contend with death;
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold.
FALCONER.

Leicester had not much to complain of on the score of treatment from the captain and crew of the smuggler. He went about his work silently, and with a certain dignity which repelled any advances on the part of his companions. They could not jeer and scoff at a man who could reef a sail and keep a watch as well, and better than they themselves could, and they probably considered it prudent to leave a man alone who possessed such biceps as Leicester's.

The sailing course of the smuggler was a strange one. Sometimes she would sail a straight line, as if she were bound for the Atlantic; at others she would tack and lie near shore. Once or twice, when they were near the coast, the crew fired rockets from her quarter-deck, and then Leicester knew that boats would put out to her. At last, after a few weeks' cruising, the vessel set off with a sufficient supply of food and water for Germany. Here they could get a supply of lace and tobacco, with other contraband articles readily disposed of in England.

In none of the expeditions for plunder did Leicester join. He was ready to help with the sloop, but he would not lend a hand in the illicit trade, and the captain, after a severe struggle and a long argument with his prisoner, at last gave in, and consented to leave Leicester out when they cast lots for the various expeditions.

In this way a year and some months past, wearily enough for Leicester, who hoped day by day for opportunity of escape. But none presented itself, and at last he had determined to make a dash at himself overboard, when the captain came up to where he stood in the forecastle, and addressed him thus in his Yankee drawl:

"Stranger, I guess we understand each other by this time?"

"I guess we do," said Leicester moodily. "But I do not consider that it is at all probable."

"Perhaps not," said the Yankee. "But I guess you know what I'm made of, and I know you are as good a hand as an able-bodied could be."

Leicester nodded.

"Wal, that being so, I've a proposal to make," said the captain. "I says this yer: You join us fair and square and be one o' us, risk and all, and we'll give you your fair share of the plunder."

"Thanks," said Leicester wearily, and with a smile of contempt. "You mean well, I have no doubt, and I am obliged to you. But I can't agree to anything of the sort. I will have no part or parcel in it. I says this yer: I'll tell you what I am compelled by the force of circumstances to have."

"What are you waiting for, then?" asked the captain. "Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

Leicester shook his head.

"Wal, I'm going to take you down South, and sell you for a matter o' forty; you're pretty nigh dark enough."

Leicester smiled sullenly.

"What do you hang out for? What do you expect?" asked the Yankee.

"I am hoping that this accursed vessel will wreck some day," said Leicester, "and then ——"

"And then what?" asked the captain.

"Then I may stand a chance," said Leicester fiercely.

"So," said the Yankee, "that's the game, is it? Here!" and he called to two or three of the crew. "Clap this chap into irons."

The men came forward reluctantly, and Leicester, after a fierce struggle, was forced down upon the deck and heavily ironed. Then he was hoisted and dragged to the mast, and lashed there—an example and a warning to all others who might be inclined to be "obstreperous," as the captain said. For four-and-twenty hours he was kept there, parched with thirst and consumed with hunger, the cold rain beating down upon his unsheltered head, and the chill winds numbing his fettered limbs.

All this time the schooner was making to get clear of the Channel, which they hoped to reach before dawn on the morrow. Towards night, however, the wind, which had been favorable, swung round, and the man at the mast-head gave notice of a squall. The squall came and grew into a storm. The captain, being short-handed, had been very glad of Leicester at the best of times. Now he would have given twenty pounds for him; for, in consequence of the heavy wind, they had been obliged to put back, and were driven toward the Irish coast at a fearful rate.

The crew, already favorably impressed by Leicester's conduct and his uncomplaining capability, were much aggrieved at his treatment. Some of them murmured that it was too hard upon a man to chain him to a mast in a storm without food and water, and others did not confine themselves to murmurs, but complained and grumbled aloud. The Yankee skipper appeared to take no notice of the complaints for some time; but when the dissatisfaction arrived at that point when the men declared they would not work the vessel while Leicester was tied up, the captain, with an oath, drew his revolver.

"Who says I mayn't do as I like on my own vessel?" he roared. "If there's one o' you as wants an inch o' lead, let him stand out!"

One man, a weatherbeaten little fellow, whose face Leicester seemed to have remembered as having seen before he was carried on board, stepped forward, and, with a savage sort of courage, stared the captain in the face. Now, this little, stumpy fellow was the skipper's best man, and, though he cocked the pistol and brought it up to sight, he did not think proper to shoot him.

"Wal, Stumpy," he said, "what have you got to say?"

"You want to mutiny, do you, damn you?" roared the captain.

"No, I don't; though it wouldn't be hard to do that," retorted Stumpy. "It aint all sugar and spice on this yer vessel; but we don't mutiny—only fair play, and that we'll have, by Heaven! if you don't want to drift on to the Irish reefs," and he pointed into the darkness which the schooner was clewing through.

The captain lowered his revolver.

"If you've all o' ye set your minds upon having this yer tarnation mighty gentleman darncin' round again, let him darnce."

Here the men set up a shout, and Stumpy leapt forward and commenced knocking Leicester's irons off.

"But mind ye," said the Yankee, staring at Leicester, where he stood stretching himself thankfully upon the deck, "if there's any attempt at skedaddling, I've a bullet with your name on it."

Then he gave the necessary orders for putting the schooner about, and the men, having gained the day, hoisted forward with alacrity. With a malicious spite the Yankee set Leicester—almost exhausted as he was—and Stumpy, his advocate, to the hardest tasks. They had to climb the yards and reef the topsail in a wind which threatened to hurl them from their perilous posts each moment. Their voices could not be heard; but once, when they were hard at work side by side, Stumpy, in the little man thrust something into his hand. He found that it was a biscuit and some meat. Knowing that Stumpy must have saved it from his own scanty rations, he at first refused it; but the poor fellow looked so hurt and offended that Leicester, on second thought, accepted the welcome gift and gratefully devoured it.

In spite of all their efforts to keep the vessel from going coastwards, the schooner gradually but surely drifted towards the dreadful reefs, and the strain was so great on the rudder that the Yankee issued an order for bracing it. Of course Stumpy and Leicester were told off, and without a moment's hesitation they seized the necessary ropes and commenced the perilous task.

The wind howled, the sea rose mountains high, and the vessel, at one moment sank into an abyss of green water, and the next riding on a crest of foam, tossed horribly. Leicester expected every moment that he and his companion, lashed, would be blown or buffeted overboard, and so kept a keen lookout for Stumpy, and grasped a spar, upon which he knelt with the determination of an already drowning man. The result showed that his fears were well grounded. Suddenly he missed from his side the sturdy form of his courageous comrade. Stumpy had succumbed to the lashed billow.

With a shout of "A man overboard!" he hung over the side and peered into the heaving deep. The Yankee caught the words or the meaning, and yelled out an order to keep the ship on her course through the speaking-trumpet. The inhumanity of the commander of the vessel was lost upon Leicester's blood. His determination was made in a moment, and in almost as short a space of time he acted upon it.

At a little distance he fancied he could see the white face of the castaway, riding on the top of a wave. Grasping the spar in both hands, he rose to his full height, and, amidst a storm of warning and excitement from the crew, leapt into the sea. The drowning man was very nearly finished by Leicester's well-meant effort at rescue, for the spar just missed his head by a foot. As it was, however, he seized it with a convulsive grasp, and the two men were once more together. For a few moments the ship was lost to them. They were pitched up and down, backward and forwards, the rain cutting their faces, and the cold numbing their hands.

Then it was that Leicester hit upon a means of securing them to the spar. The rope which had been fastened to his waist still hung there, and he managed, by dint of sheer force, to drag it up, and drop it over the spar once or twice, at each turn passing it round the armpit of Stumpy or himself. By this means they were completely entangled, and in a rough fashion lashed to the long piece of wood in which all their hopes of life rested.

Dawn broke at last, and the storm subsided; but long before then they were half unconscious and wholly numbed. When Leicester came to, he found himself lying on his back, and the weather-beaten face of Stumpy over him. He smiled, and the man groaned back in reply; but for quite an hour no words were spoken.

At the end of that time, when they had almost recovered from the exhaustion, Leicester struggled to his feet and approached Stumpy, who was lying huddled up in the bottom of the boat.

"Good-bye, old fellow," he said, "I am sorry for you, but I must leave you."

"Are you a man or a fiend?" he breathed.

"I am simply a man of business," said Mr. Murpoint, "and a man of my word."

"What am I to do? I am in your power!"

"Write a letter to this Mr. Fairfax, and tell him that you cannot consent, that you rescind the promise you gave this morning."

"I cannot, will not!" exclaimed the Earl. "I gave my consent!"

"But the Countess did not give hers," said the captain softly. "Say that you have consulted her, and that she is opposed to the match. Say that under those circumstances you could not keep your promise, and demand that Mr. Fairfax shall relinquish all claims to the hand of your daughter, Lady Lackland."

The Earl groaned.

"I could say that," he said.

"Of course," said the captain, and he drew a small writing-table towards him. "Write at once, my lord; there is no time to lose. The young idiot will be chattering all over London before nightfall."

The Earl sank on to a sofa, and stroked his moustache as if he meant to pull it out.

"I cannot," he said. "I can't frame the words."

"Then I will," said the captain. "Take this pen, my lord, at once. Do not give way to hesitation, for he who hesitates is lost; and assuredly, if you let the sun set without rescinding your promise, you will lose Mr. Smythe and his money."

The Earl, with another groan, seated himself at the table. The captain stood over him, quite the master of the situation, and dictated:

DEAR SIR.—I regret that circumstances have occurred which compel me, much against my will, to recall the consent which I reluctantly gave you this morning. I must beg of you to believe that I am obliged by the force of circumstances to rescind that consent, and that I am strengthened in my resolution to refuse you the hand of my daughter by the Countess, who is strongly opposed to any engagement taking place between you. If you have any claim upon Lady Boisdale, and acquainted her with your hopes and wishes, I must beg that you will, by writing, inform her that all engagements between you must cease, and that you are compelled in honor to refrain from prosecuting your suit. With regret I have arrived at this decision, and sign myself most sincerely your old friend,

LACKLAND.

P. S.—It would be as well, perhaps, if you could make arrangements to leave London for a time. If it should be inconvenient to you to do so, I will remove Lady Boisdale to one of my places in the country.

This letter was written and signed by the Earl. It was carried by a servant to the Temple, and it was read by our friend Bertie, as we have seen. Its effect upon him was beyond all description.

CHAPTER XLI.

Frone on the midnight surge, with panting breath,
They cry for aid and long contend with death;
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold.
FALCONER.

Leicester had not much to complain of on the score of treatment from the captain and crew of the smuggler. He went about his work silently, and with a certain dignity which repelled any advances on the part of his companions. They could not jeer and scoff at a man who could reef a sail and keep a watch as well, and better than they themselves could, and they probably considered it prudent to leave a man alone who possessed such biceps as Leicester's.

The sailing course of the smuggler was a strange one. Sometimes she would sail a straight line, as if she were bound for the Atlantic; at others she would tack and lie near shore. Once or twice, when they were near the coast, the crew fired rockets from her quarter-deck, and then Leicester knew that boats would put out to her. At last, after a few weeks' cruising, the vessel set off with a sufficient supply of food and water for Germany. Here they could get a supply of lace and tobacco, with other contraband articles readily disposed of in England.

In none of the expeditions for plunder did Leicester join. He was ready to help with the sloop, but he would not lend a hand in the illicit trade, and the captain, after a severe struggle and a long argument with his prisoner, at last gave in, and consented to leave Leicester out when they cast lots for the various expeditions.

In this way a year and some months past, wearily enough for Leicester, who hoped day by day for opportunity of escape. But none presented itself, and at last he had determined to make a dash at himself overboard, when the captain came up to where he stood in the forecastle, and addressed him thus in his Yankee drawl:

"Stranger, I guess we understand each other by this time?"

"I guess we do," said Leicester moodily. "But I do not consider that it is at all probable."

"Perhaps not," said the Yankee. "But I guess you know what I'm made of, and I know you are as good a hand as an able-bodied could be."

Leicester nodded.

"Wal, that being so, I've a proposal to make," said the captain. "I says this yer: You join us fair and square and be one o' us, risk and all, and we'll give you your fair share of the plunder."

"Thanks," said Leicester wearily, and with a smile of contempt. "You mean well, I have no doubt, and I am obliged to you. But I can't agree to anything of the sort. I will have no part or parcel in it. I says this yer: I'll tell you what I am compelled by the force of circumstances to have."

"What are you waiting for, then?" asked the captain. "Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

Leicester shook his head.

"Wal, I'm going to take you down South, and sell you for a matter o' forty; you're pretty nigh dark enough."

Leicester smiled sullenly.

"What do you hang out for? What do you expect?" asked the Yankee.

"I am hoping that this accursed vessel will wreck some day," said Leicester, "and then ——"

"And then what?" asked the captain.

"Then I may stand a chance," said Leicester fiercely.

"So," said the Yankee, "that's the game, is it? Here!" and he called to two or three of the crew. "Clap this chap into irons."

The men came forward reluctantly, and Leicester, after a fierce struggle, was forced down upon the deck and heavily ironed. Then he was hoisted and dragged to the mast, and lashed there—an example and a warning to all others who might be inclined to be "obstreperous," as the captain said. For four-and-twenty hours he was kept there, parched with

ENFORCED ADMIRATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HENRY HUTCHINS, M. D.

Your hair is lovely, charming maid,
But then, oh, then, you wear it
In such a wild, fantastic way
My sense of taste can't bear it;
And yet, if I'd one raven tress
Against my heart to press, to press!
Your glorious eyes, like noonday skies,
Would tempt me into wooing,
But ah! I fear their light so bright
But burns for my undoing;
And yet, if they would look at me,
Just once, and that but tenderly!
Your mouth it hath no fault to spoil
The rosy recollection,
Save that you think a kiss would soil
The pink of its perfection;
And yet, if you would let me try,
'Twould make me happy till I die.

THE HERMIT OF THE LEHIGH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY VIDA VARRIE.

A horseman came to a halt in a beautiful Valley of the Lehigh, and, gazing around upon the landscape, exclaimed:

"God has done his best in this scene, and man his worst!"

Low down in the valley lay a miserable little miners' village, consisting of a few dozen dilapidated cottages irregularly huddled together, apparently almost unfit for human habitation, while in the street a group of neglected, sooty-faced, uncombed children of tender years uproariously played at various games.

On the other side rushed the cool, sparkling waters of the Lehigh, and beyond, forming the farther bank of the river, towered the Lehigh Mountains, clad in all the loveliness of Summer verdure, their wild, picturesque summits now crowned with the gleaming splendor of a rich sunset.

Montgomery watched the broad, heavy shadow that steadily chased the retreating sunlight, relentlessly forcing it over the heights till the sombre invader had gained full dominion over both valley and mountain, and then, with an impatient, contemptuous frown at the humble dwellings that presumed to mar this glorious landscape, he galloped off down the river road, thoughts profound and ugly coursing rapidly through his mind.

"Strange," he was thinking, "most marvelously strange, how successfully the Almighty has created endless wonders and beauties of nature, while mankind, popularly considered His last, best work, his great masterpiece, is a monstrous failure, a poor, wretched piece of botchwork, ridiculous and conspicuous from its assumption of superiority."

As the young man rode on in the deepening shadows, an occasional sigh or a contemptuous or weary exclamation indicated a mind ill at ease. A few miles from the village, he reined in before a neat, prosperous-looking farmhouse, standing a few yards back from the road, commanding one of the finest prospects in the valley.

At the gate he was greeted by his landlady, Mrs. Dobbs, who excitedly exclaimed:

"I've been looking for you this hour!"

To look at the farmhouse, and then at its guest, one could not but wonder what detained a young man so aristocratic, haughty and impatient, in this isolated, uncivilized region. He was not an author penned up from society to finish a book for urgent publishers, nor an artist studying the aspects of nature, nor a poet seeking inspiration from mountain and sky, nor even a man of science in search of knowledge; and yet he both wrote and sketched, and frequently made scientific explorations during his excursions, but aimlessly, and merely for diversion, feeling an ill-natured delight in exhibiting his contempt for society by playing the role of hermit among the mountains, for he was one of those men who look upon all mankind as foolish and wicked because themselves, or a trusted friend, have proven deficient in wisdom or goodness.

Inclosed here, Montgomery was passing the Summer with comparative tranquillity, when an event occurred to bring him a short period of excitement. He haunts was a lonely, narrow glen, a few miles from the farmhouse, bounded on both sides by a spur of the mountains, which was covered to the top by a heavy growth of wood and thick underbrush, while the ravine, reached by the direct rays of the sun only during a few hours in the middle of the day, was covered with a short, pale meadow-grass, forming a beautiful contrast to the dark-green foliage on the mountain sides. Through this secluded little valley the river made its way with a loud, rumbling, cavernous echo. Following its courses lay the track of a railroad, while around the base of one of the mountain ranges, a narrow ledge, a few yards above the river, was sometimes taken advantage of by the inhabitants as the shortest route to the next mining village.

Along this narrow path Montgomery's horse was slowly picking his way one morning, while the rider, gazing far off through the vista formed by the two ridges inclosing him, was lost in deep thought, when suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs fell upon his ear.

Supposing one of the miners or farmers approaching, and considering how a passage was to be effected—for the mountain sides were too steep to afford room for turning aside, and the slope below the path to the river was scarcely less precipitous—he was astonished to behold a lady calmly and easily riding towards him.

Montgomery took in the situation at a glance, and, hastily dismounting, led his horse cautiously down upon the slope below the ledge, and waited for the lady to pass.

As she came up he raised his hat and bowed, but, to his surprise, instead of a coquettish recognition of the romance of the meeting, the lady returned his salutation with a grave inclination of the head, while a pair of luminous blue eyes looked serenely down upon him as she rode rapidly by.

He gazed after the fleeting vision with amazement, half inclined to ride back and warn her of the danger of proceeding over the ledge at such a pace: but her manner had discouraged him, so he mounted his horse and rode on, though greatly puzzled over the adventure, for till now he had felt himself alone in the valley—the sole being capable of seeing and admiring its loneliness, and the young lady continued to occupy his every

THE WHITE DOVE.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife, Irene,
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead.
Though now for sixty years the grass has grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm Summer air,
The old man sits for hours,
Blend in his mind with voices long since heard—
Glad childhood's careless words—
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while, indistinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms bowed
The rose-tree branch hangs low,
And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.
"Oh! is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the gambrel-roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And, lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long-vanished day,
"Dear love," he calls; then: "Why will you not stay?"
He sighs,
For at his voice the bird looks up and dies.

O constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust,
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's breath.
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive death,
And when
The gates unfold her eyes meet thine again!

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HELEN LUQUEER.

"Don't you think, Ben, that your wife is cutting it pretty strong?"

The brothers Ben and Robert Cameron were riding together in Central Park, and had just passed a very stylish landau containing a rich aristocrat and the wife of the younger brother, who, in reply, said facetiously:

"Perhaps; but you know, Rob, that when we married we agreed that she was to do as she pleased, and I as I chose."

"All very well in theory, but not just the thing in practice, especially when a woman's will leads her into an outrageous flirtation with a man of the principles—or rather want of them—of Royal La France."

"It is quite the fashionable thing nowadays, and harmless as can be."

"Do you call it harmless to have your wife's name bandied about in connection with that of La France? Let me tell you there are people whose opinion you ought to regard, who are old-fashioned enough to look upon such conduct as disgraceful, and upon the disregard of your duties as criminal."

"There, Rob, that will do. I have received my lecture and you have eased your mind. So, if you please, we will turn about. I have an engagement at six," and there was an angry flush upon the face of the speaker as they drove rapidly back to the city.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation was lying back amid the cushions of her carriage, in an elegant costume, fully conscious of the admiration in the dark eyes of her gentleman escort, as he sat by her side, uttering many little compliments and sweet nothings.

"Have I an answer to my request, Mrs. Cameron?"

"Really, Mr. La France, you have so many, and are, withal, like your sex in general, so very exacting, that as soon as one prayer is granted another confronts one."

"I should like you, my dear Mrs. Cameron, to point out a single granted plea of mine."

"What a memory!" answered Maud Cameron, elevating her pretty brows, shrugging her shoulders, and sighing with a most bewitching pout. "But here we are at home. Won't you come in and dine with me? Ben has an engagement, and it will be dull and stupid, of course, just us two."

She spoke thus to herself, though at heart she knew she was offering her companion a most delightful opportunity to press his request, whatever it might be, and that Mrs. Grundy would not consider it just the proper thing for her to do, this dining *tete-a-tete* with an avowed admirer.

"Very dull, of course!" returned the gentleman with a mock smile, as he assisted her to alight, though the warm pressure of his hand conveyed a very different meaning; "but my power of resistance is very small to-night, so I shall make of myself a martyr." And he followed his fair hostess up the steps of her stately residence.

Later in the evening (after they had dined), Mrs. Cameron sat at the piano, singing for her guest one of her charming songs, while he stood by her side, turning the music. In one of her pauses he reminded her of his ungranted requests. Looking up at him with her white and jeweled fingers sweeping carelessly over the keys, she thought how handsome he was, and was conscious that she was madly loved by this man—one gifted and courted by fastidious society—while he looked down into her lovely face and coveted her who belonged to another.

"My husband would not consent, I am certain," she replied.

"Possibly not. But then, you know, he boasts of the liberty each enjoys, and no doubt settles like questions for himself without consulting you. Why, then, have you not the same right?"

"Have a care," laughed she. "You are giving dangerous advice. Confess, now, if you were my husband, would you like me to receive such counsel or act upon it?"

Bending over her until his breath fanned her cheek, he said in a low and impassioned voice:

"God forbid! If you were my wife I would render it impossible for anyone to approach you. I am a jealous wretch, and my life would be wholly yours, and I should claim every moment of your own."

She said, still smiling up at him, while her fingers strayed into the simple but touching melody of "Annie Laurie:"

"Surely. But since I shall never know such a paradise of love, am I not to have a glimpse of it by escorting you to the French ball at the Academy to-morrow night?"

"Will it make you very happy?" sighed she.

"Will it?" he repeated, while his dark eyes answered the question.

"If I thought Ben would not care."

"As if such a simple, good-natured, unappreciated creature would think of anybody but himself, or care even if you attended it with Pluto," sneered her companion, "provided he had the same privilege of dancing with Prosperine." Then, pointing how her fair face flushed, he continued quickly: "Forgive me, Mrs. Cameron. I should not speak in that manner, but when with you I am profoundly oblivious of that husband of yours; for, though I know him to be a right good fellow, he is unappreciative and all that."

"I ought to punish you by a positive refusal," pouted she.

"You could not be so cruel. It is not in your nature."

"Having seen only the sunny side, you are not a proper judge of what it might be able to do."

"I am positive there can be no dark side to your character, and you will make me happy by saying yes to my plea."

"You have set your heart upon it?" she questioned coquettishly.

"You know I have, and ——"

"Enough, then. I will go, if you will promise to tell no one of it. I shall wear a simple blue domino, with mask, and you must bring me home early. We have accepted invitations to Mrs. Dana's party; but at the last moment I shall have a headache, and so be obliged to let Ben go without me."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. La France. "On the knees of my heart I thank you," and he seized her hand as he spoke, and led her away from the piano to a cosy seat by the anthracite fire, where the programme was arranged to their satisfaction.

The evening Mr. Ben Cameron departed alone to fulfill their engagement, leaving his wife quite pale and languid, in a rose-colored wrapper, endeavoring to assuage a terrible headache by a liberal application of eau-de-cologne.

Later in the evening, properly disguised, she was leaning upon the arm of a dashing cavalier amid a gay and somewhat promiscuous assembly. They had been waltzing, were heated, and sought a cool and more secluded place in the depths of the windows.

"How hot it is! I wish I might take off my mask for a moment. I am positively stifling," said the blue domino, fanning herself furiously.

"The effort makes you warmer," and he took the fan. "Now you may raise your mask. I am screening your face," and the next instant he was looking at her flushed cheeks.

At that moment a couple passed very near, and the voice of the gentleman caused her to instantly drop the mask again with a smothered exclamation.

"Your husband!" whispered La France.

"Yes. Is it possible he has learned of my being here, and is searching for me?"

"No. Ah! my best Maud, you are just learning that husbands arrogate to themselves privileges they upon no account give to their wives!"

It was the first time he had addressed her by her given name with the endearing prefix. It thrilled while it shocked her, and she had a dim perception that their flirtation was becoming a serious affair, and she was listening to language no wife could with self-respect.

Again the black domino, with a pretty flower-girl upon his arm, passed them, and so closely that she distinctly heard him saying: "No; at home with a sick headache," and evidently he was alluding to her.

"What cruel wretches you husbands are, and what a happy faculty you have of enjoying yourselves while your wives are ill at home!" returned the flower-girl.

"It is you who are so cruel, my dear. You fascinate us from our lawful allegiance," said the well-known voice.

Again they passed on, and the heart of Maud beat almost audibly against the arm that supported her.

"Can you now refuse to give me a little of the love you waste upon that man?" whispered her companion, drawing her still nearer to him.

The revelry waxed loud and furious. Wine flowed freely, or rather circulated freely through the veins of the dancers; but Maud Cameron had long ago been conducted home by her attentive escort; yet not, however, until he had proposed an elopement, and plead his guilty love with all the eloquence and sophistry he could command.

He had declared that to live with one so indifferent to her happiness and careless and regardless of her welfare was an absolute sin; and, blinded by jealousy and passion, the infatuated woman listened passively to all he had to say.

He spoke of the growing creed of free-love; painted life in a foreign land, with affection and youth to assist in the enjoyment; talked of deathless fidelity and devotion; and at last left the wife at her own home with polluted lips, for he had dared to seal his vows with a kiss that burned upon the lips of Maud for many a day.

Once in her own room, she changed her dainties for a simple wrapper, and, sinking into an easy-chair before the comfortable fire, tried to analyze her feelings. Failing in that, she endeavored to forget everything but the awful guilt that yawned at her feet, though deftly hidden by flowers, while the knowledge of her husband's fatuidity pierced her heart as a knife and forced tears from her eyes. But at length, from very weariness, she slept. How long she never knew; but, when she again opened her eyes, her husband stood before her in an evening dress.

"Not in bed!" he said gayly. "It's after midnight, my dear. This is a strange way to cure a headache. How very imprudent, Maud; and how pale you are looking! I ought to be angry with you, child."

The distress pictured in her face touched him. He stooped to the bed, lifted her in his arms and carry her to her couch, but she shuddered at his touch, and drew away.

"What is the matter?" he questioned in surprise.

"How can you ask me?" she returned, growing still more white in her anger, while her beautiful eyes flashed with contempt.

"Really, Maud, this is an exhibition. It is something new for you to show such spirit, and simply because I happened to stay out a trifle later than usual. I thought we were to be free to act out our individual wills in all things compatible with the happiness and welfare of each other."

"Be it so, then, in future!" she exclaimed, suddenly losing her anger, and, sinking back into the chair, burst out in hysterical tears.

The good-hearted fellow began at once to coax her in the old-fashioned way, but found her hard and unyielding. But at last he said:

"Maud, I wish you would explain this conduct. You will make yourself ill."

"That cannot matter to a husband who will go to the French masque with a pretty flower-girl."

"Aha! That's the grievance, is it. But where was the wife, in a blue domino, all the while?"

The crimson tide overran brow and neck, and showing the tell-tale color above the delicate lace handkerchief she pressed to her face. As no answer was given to his question, he continued:

"Maud, I am at last awake to the fact that it is not best to consult one's own pleasure entirely, and that which begins as an innocent flirtation may in the end prove an eternal disgrace. I found the Dana party stupid, and, feeling a little anxious about you, returned home, let myself in quietly, so as not to excite your nerves, went to the library for a smoke, and soon after La France was announced. You came down in your masquerade costume gayly enough, and received the praises and admiration of that man, and went away with him to the ball. I was shocked at such deceit and falsehood—was grieved more than I can tell. But the manner of La France toward you of late has been warmer and more pronounced than is honorable or delicate for you to receive, and, fully awakened to your danger, I followed. What you heard me say to the flower-girl was intended to arouse your jealousy, and let you know there might be a scene if your identity became known. With satisfaction I saw you withdraw, followed you home, and then sought La France at his hotel; and I think it is the last time he will attempt to take wife of mine to a ball of that description."

"Did you really care, Ben?" sobbed Maud.

"Care? You should have asked the question before you clandestinely put me to the test."

"Oh, Ben! if you only loved me as—as you ought, and cared more for your home, I don't think I should be so wicked or as wretched as I am to-night."

"Is it possible, Maud, that you can doubt me?" asked her husband in a deeply grieved tone. "I am not of the sentimental stamp, but my feelings are none the less deep or sincere. I have never doubted you, Maud, though you are given to flirtations which I believed were harmless and innocent, and put it down as womanly vanity, nothing more. But we must come to an understanding this very night. My wife must have no concealments, and flirtations must close from this hour."

Maud was weeping bitterly as he was speaking, and, deeply touched, he lifted her out of the chair into his arms, and consoled her with a full and free forgiveness.

"You do not know all, Ben," sobbed she, "or how near I came to deserting you, feeling you held me lightly and cared——"

"So you would have burned yourself and me upon the altar of public opinion, for one who would have made you what I blush to name? O Maud, Maud!"

He put her away, though she clung to him with sobs and tears, and went out into the dark and silent street in utter wretchedness. The cool air invigorate his hot brow gratefully, as he walked with his one thought beneath the calm, pure stars. As the day began to dawn he once more entered his home, and went up to their bedroom to find his wife dressed in a plain traveling costume. She met him with extended hand and pale, tearful face.

"I want to say good-bye, Ben," said she. "I am going home to my mother's. Think as kindly of me as you can. Though I may never earn your forgiveness, I trust to redeem my own self-respect and——"

She broke down, for she found herself in her husband's arms, where he declared she should ever remain, sheltered by his love.

It was the last of Maud's flirtations. Her husband took good care to be so much of a lover in the future that there was no room for others, and both have gotten in the habit of consulting the wishes of the other upon all occasions.

As for Royal La France, he went to foreign lands alone, where Maud heard of him as very gay and attentive to a fascinating woman of the day. And she thanks her stars that the love-passages between them proved only a flirtation, the bare recollection of which will ever have the power to bring the blush of shame to her cheeks.

A Dog That Stays.

"That's the kind of a dog for you," remarked a South-side man the other evening as he staggered into the house, bearing a shabby specimen of the canine race under his arm.

"Good heavens, James! have you brought another dog?" said his wife.

"Oh, he's a rattler," returned James; "won him at a raffle; only cost me fifty cents and the drinks for the house. Crooked-mouthed Mahoney made got him. He threw seventeen, but I threw eighteen, by George," and the South-sider deposited the dog on the carpet, and walked around with his hands in his pockets, and viewed his property from different points with much glee.

"And we're to have the house full of fleas again, are we?" inquired the lady wrathfully. "Why the heavens don't you get a decent dog, if you must have one? I would either do that, or—or ——"

"Never mind; I'm doing this. There's a dog in a thousand. Look at his points, would you?"

The animal certainly was prolific of points, from which it was evident that his pretender had been exceedingly meagre. He sat on the carpet and licked his chops humbly. He seemed to be aware of his disreputable appearance, and to apologize for the same, and as he scratched his left ear meditatively and winked his eyes slowly he looked as innocent as a baby.

"Now, you wouldn't think there was much in him, would you?" remarked the South-side man.

"Well, he don't look as if he was pressed out with anything," returned the lady sarcastically.

"That's just where you show your ignorance. That dog knows more in a minute than some folks know in a week. I've only had him three-quarters of an hour and he knows me; he knows I'm his boss. And now," continued the South-side man, picking up a broomstick, "I'll tell you something. That dog never barks."

"He don't bray!" said his wife.

"No, sir, he never cheeps. But he understands his biz. Just let a burglar or a tramp come in, and see how quick he'll nail him; and the beauty of the dog is his determination. He stays with his man to the bitter end, and bounces him every time."

"Bounce nothing," snirfed the old lady.

"Mother," said the South-side man, waving the broomstick in the direction of the dog, who was apparently in a comfortable doze, "all I've got to say is, that if he ever gets hold of your leg when I aint about he won't let go, because nobody but me can do anything with him. Lookee here: I can boost him, and he won't say a word"—and the South-side man began to poke and prod the animal with the broomstick, in order to show his wife what mastery he possessed over his extraordinary purchase. After a particularly severe punch, the purchase opened one eye and took in the state of affairs; then he opened the other, and gave a snort of indignation. As the enormity of the aggravation forced itself upon him, he emitted a howl of rage, darted at the South-side man, and in two seconds his teeth met in the calf of that gentleman's limb.

Then ensued an uproar the like of which never occurred in that house before. The dog stayed with his man, and they both went over a rocking-chair in a promiscuous and confused heap, and struggled amid the wreck thereof, while the swearing of the South-side man was comprehensive and terrible.

The lady, after leaning out of the window and screaming "Police!" for a period during which her husband's head had got worked round under the wash-bench, while his leg, with the dog tugging at it, was thrust through the bottom of the baby's crib, came to the rescue with a club. The first lick took her husband in the jaw, whereupon that agonized individual spat out some blood and two teeth, and screamed:

"Blank your clumsy soul to blankination! Break the blanked dog's back, or hit me another lick and kill me as it is!"

At this point four men, who thought somebody was being murdered, broke the door down, and after choking the dog off, pulled the South-side man's leg from between the slats of the crib, and assisted the victim to his feet. That gentleman picked a small slice of the rocking-chair out of the small of his back, took hold of the dog, hurled it out of the window, and then, turning to his four rescuers, growled:

"Now you fellows git."

They got, and it is almost unnecessary to say that since it is not safe for that man's wife to mention anything in regard to the dog that was won at the raffle.—*Reading Eagle.*

How They Do It.

Snake-charmers in India pretend that they are in the possession of all kinds of remedies for snake-bite. As a rule, their pretensions are wholly hollow. The great precaution which they wisely take care to exercise is that of extracting the poison-fangs of the venomous serpents they tame. Dr. Shortt of Madras has, during a long lifetime in India, almost exclusively devoted his attention to the subject of the venomous snakes of India, their habits, and the mode of their eradication from the peninsula, and especially the antidotes best suited to counteract their poison. His efforts have been followed by considerable, although not complete, success. He knows more of the most renowned snake-charmers in India, and the occultest mysteries of their craft, than perhaps any other man in India. He keeps a host of live snakes about his house. Some of these are tame, and he designates them by pet names. It is, however, now and then disagreeable, if not dangerous, to call on the learned doctor. Some visitors object to feeling a cold snake twine itself lovingly round their bare calves! Cobras may be dear creatures, but it requires practice to allow one to wiggle-waggle under your shirt-collar complacently. But all honor to the snake-charmer. It is true that he exercises his craft for the sake of emolument; but, if you happen to live in India in a house the garden surrounding which, or the fields in the neighborhood, are infested by deadly snakes, call for the snake-charmer. He will sound his pipes, and creep stealthily about the hedges of cactus and under the guava-trees. He will now blow a long, tremulous note under yonder scarlet-flowered pomegranate-tree, or send a shrill shriek from his reeds under that low-drooping custard-apple. Look now! He sees a hole in the sand under that stone! The earth near shows that it has been recently disturbed. At least, his practiced eye suspects it. Before that cavity the snake-charmer plays long—maybe half an hour. In his right hand he holds a lithe bamboo. Soon a fierce-looking, wide-mouthed, bright-eyed, green-hued head pops a little—only a little—out of the hole. The charmer sees it, but keeps on playing on his pipes, sitting quite motionless. The snake raises himself, and sways his head to the quavering music. Slowly and softly the snake-charmer raises his stick. His music grows faster: the cobra evidently enjoys it more. The great hooded head is wagged frantics ly from side to side. Swish—whack! The cane has descended straight on the head of the reptile! In a trice a forked stick is produced out of the pouch of the snake-charmer's impedimenta. The serpent is securely pinioned to the ground. A pair of pincers are now produced in the twinkling of an eye. The poisonous fangs are immediately extracted. Your friend or "compound" is thus ridded of its most dreaded tenant. And that is the snake which the snake-charmer afterwards makes to dance before his European and native patrons.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES AND TAMBO INDULGE IN A FEW QUESTIONS.

TAMBO.—Say, Bones, can you tell me why President Grant am mighty like Mt. Vesuvius?

BONES.—No; but I could tole you somethin' else.

TAMBO.—Well, President Grant am mighty like Mt. Vesuvius bekase dey am both great smokers.

BONES.—Um, um; dat's pretty good.

TAMBO.—Bonesy, hab you ebber been to sea?

BONES.—Am dat a comundrum?

TAMBO.—No; I mearly axed for information.

BONES.—No; but I've been ober de bay.

TAMBO.—Believe yer. But if you knows anything about nautical terms, kin yer tell me when a seacaptain is mighty heavily dressed?

BONES.—When he gets three sheets in the wind.

TAMBO.—Nuffin ub de sort. A sea-captain's mighty heavily dressed when he *wears* his shtp.

BONES.—Dat'll do; but can you tole me why a ship lyin' at a dock am like a street-car?

TAMBO.—No.

BONES.—Bekase it's fast to de *hawser!* (Horse-str.)

TAMBO.—And if dat ship was filled with *hawsers* (horses) dey would make de *cargo*.

TAMBO.—Gub yer anuder one. What's de di ffer ence between a determined man and an actor?

BONES.—Ober my head.

TAMBO.—Well, de determined man makes up his mind, and de actor minds his *make-up*.

BONES.—You ought to go to Montreal.

TAMBO.—Why, there's high-daddy times there. The Earl ub Dunraven is said to hab run away wid the daughter ub one ub de first physicians.

BONES.—And de doctor haint got *done ravin'* yet; but I didn't tell you 'bout dat horrible accident what occured de last time I was down to de Fishin' Banks, did I?

TAMBO.—No; what was it?

BONES.—Well, dare came up a mighty big squall, and blowed a four-hundred-pound shark onto de boat, and like to swamp us.

TAMBO.—Any lives lost?

BONES.—No; but de captain had one ub his *hands* mashed on de *toes*; de doctor was called, found dat he would get better, and when de hand left de boat de doctor's watch was going, and it's been going ever since—going along wid the deck-hand.

TAMBO.—Go 'long! Bones, can you tell me why lies are like a windmill?

BONES.—No.

TAMBO.—The more wind they get, the faster they go round.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Signor Silverennie will oblige.

NIGHT IS COMING, LITTLE SWEETHEART.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE LADY READERS OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
And the moon peeps o'er the hill—
Meet me where the dew-drops glisten,
In the mossy side the rill.
Chorus.—Night is coming, little sweetheart,
The golden sun has sunk to rest;
Soon I'll wan you, little sweetheart,
And fold you closely to my breast.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
And with joy I wait for thee
Where the lilies bloom in sweetness,
Just beneath the green-wood tree.
Chorus.—Night is coming, etc.

Night is coming, little sweetheart,
Stars are flashing up on high,
But they seem to look the lustre
Beaming from my darlin's eye.
Chorus.—Night is coming, etc.

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IN MEMORIAM
Of the late Thomas Barry.

James Pilgrim was connected with several of the theatres in Boston, Mass., during a number of years, in the capacity of actor, stage-manager and manager. During the season of 1858—9, he met with some reverses in business, and several of his friends suggested that he should take a benefit. When the late A. Wallace Thaxter, a gentleman well known among professionals in that city, called upon Mr. Barry to know upon what terms Mr. Pilgrim could receive a benefit at the Boston Theatre, Mr. Barry replied: "Mr. Pilgrim can have the theatre free of charge, and I will ask the company to volunteer for the occasion." In response to Mr. Barry's request, every lady and gentleman connected with the theatre gave their services gratuitously. A gentleman of this city kindly sends us a programme of the entertainments given on the occasion, and a copy is appended. Of those whose names appear in the bill, Thomas Barry died in Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, as recorded in last week's CLIPPER; J. P. Price also died there, May 10, 1874; James Pilgrim is now pursuing his profession in Philadelphia, Pa.; E. L. Davenport is now acting at Booth's Theatre, in this city; Mrs. E. L. Davenport is performing in Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas Comer died in Boston July 27, 1862; F. J. Horton is now known as Frank Lawlor, and is performing in Australia; W. H. Curtis died in Boston Dec. 4, 1869; N. T. Davenport also died there Aug. 26, 1867; J. Adams died in the same city Oct. 3, 1863; R. Stephens died in Cleveland, O., May 17, 1869; Edwin Adams is now starring through the country; D. Setchell was lost at sea en route from San Francisco, Cal., to New Zealand, in the bark Trieste, in February, 1866; Peter Cunningham went to Australia some years ago, and is reported to have died there; Alvin A. Read died in Cincinnati, O., June 4, 1864; C. F. (better known as "Paul") Jones, died in Boston in January, 1867; Sam Verney is still before the public; Miss Mary Devlin subsequently married Edwin Booth, and died in Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 21, 1863; Miss Josephine Orton is residing in Boston, Mass., in temporary retirement; Miss Lang retired from the profession some years ago; Mrs. S. France is living in retirement in this city; Miss Lizzie Eanmons died in Winchendon, Mass., Aug. 25, 1863; Mrs. Edwin Adams is living in retirement; Miss Fanny France married W. M. Lannier, and died in this city March 16, 1875; Mrs. Marshall died in Boston April 20, 1867; the Morris Brothers—Lon and Billy—are living in retirement near Boston; Johnny Pell died in the city last named Jan. 24, 1866.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Thomas Barry.....Lessee and Manager
J. P. Price.....Assistant Manager

THIS SATURDAY EVENING,
GRAND TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT TO
MR. JAMES PILGRIM,
through the generosity of THOMAS BARRY, ESQ., who has kindly tendered him its use on this magnificent occasion, on which occasion the following talented artists have gratuitously volunteered their valuable services:

MR. AND MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT,
MR. THOMAS COMER, MR. D. SETCHELL,
MR. F. J. HORTON, MR. D. SETCHELL,
MR. W. H. CURTIS, MR. P. CUNNINGHAM,
MR. N. T. DAVENPORT, MR. READ,
MR. J. ADAMS, MR. JONES,
MR. STEPHENS, MR. VERNEY,
MISS MARY DEVLIN, MISS LIZZIE EMMONS,
MISS JOSEPHINE ORTON, MRS. ADAMS,
MISS HENRIETTA LANG, MISS FANNY FRANCE,
MRS. FRANCE, MRS. MARSHALL.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS AND JOHNNY PELL have kindly volunteered their valuable services, and will appear after their concert is over at their Opera-house, School street.

Private Box, $6; parquet, balcony and first tier of boxes, 50c.; family circle, 25c.; amphitheatre, 15c.

NOTICE.—A box in the second tier has been assigned for the use of colored persons, who can only be admitted to that part of the theatre.

Doors open at 6½, performance commence at 7, and conclude at 30 minutes past 10

THIS SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1859, the performance will commence with the elegant comedy entitled

A FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

Ruy Gomez, by.....Mr. E. L. Davenport
Charles II, King of Spain, by.....Miss Mary Devlin
Marquis de Santa Cruz, by.....W. B. Curtis
Frederick, by.....J. P. Price
Lopez.....Mr. Verney | 1st Page.....Miss Gordon
Pedro.....Mr. George | 2d Page.....Miss Khun
Duchess de Premenaura.....Mrs. E. L. Davenport
Donna Leonora.....Mrs. Marshall

CHARACTER DANCE BY MISS HENRIETTA LANG.

After which the comic drama entitled

THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

Jeremiah Clip, by.....Mr. E. Adams
In which character he will give his celebrated imitations of all the great actors.

Mr. Twitter.....Mr. N. Davenport
Mr. Pelham Podge.....Mr. Setchell
Mrs. Ratleton.....Miss Mary Devlin
Mrs. Twitter.....Miss Fanny France
Jane Chatterly.....Mrs. E. Adams

To be followed by the comedy of

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Con O'Grady.....Mr. J. Pilgrim | Donald Henderstein.....Mr. Rose
Charles Berger.....Julia, an American lady, with songs.....Mr. N. Davenport
Baron Von Bomble.....Mrs. Cunningham | Baroness Von Bomble.....Miss Mary Devlin
Mr. Wayland.....Mr. Verney | Mrs. Marshall
Mr. Baxter.....Mr. Stephens | Gertrude.....Miss Burbank
Prince Wojenski.....Theresa.....Miss Henry
Mr. Holland | Lucretia.....
Count Madgebury.....Miss Josephine Orton
Mr. Williams;

After which,

THE MORRIS BROTHERS AND JOHNNY PELL

will appear in their laughable banjo trio.

To conclude with Pilgrim's popular farce,

THE LIMERICK BOY.

Paddy Miles.....by.....Mr. P. J. Horton
Dr. Goals.....Mr. Stephens | Reuben.....Mr. Verney
Henry.....Mr. Read | Mrs. Fidget.....Mrs. Marshall
Job.....Mr. J. Adams | Jane.....Miss Fanny France

CENTENNIAL DAYS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. SHERIDAN AND HART,
BY JAMES F. DOOLEY.

There's a time not far away when we'll celebrate the day
That gained the independence of our land;
The rejoicing will be great—glorious in every State,
But in Philadelphia 'twill be very grand;
All the nations there will meet, and with their goods compete
To gain our approbation and our praise;
But Columbia is no drone, and I guess she'll hold her own
At the Exposition on Centennial Days.
Chorus.—Then list while I relate this fact I'm going to state,
In this industry, like perseverance, pays;
And you'll say that I am right, if you see the splendid sight
At the Exposition on Centennial Days.

Then let us all rejoice, and raise aloud our voice
To the memory of that patriotic one
Who labored manfully to set his country free—
I mean the great, immortal Washington.
He fought both night and day; till he drove the foe away,
And too much cannot be said in his praise;
Though he's gone forevermore, his spirit will reign o'er
The Exposition on Centennial Days.
Chorus.—Then list, etc.

BEN YATES IN HOBOKEN, N. J., IN 1845.

For many years Mr. Yates was a popular dancer, giving displays of his skill at various theatres in this city and elsewhere. He also taught his art with considerable success here. Of late years he has not been before the public in a professional capacity, but has been connected with amusements as the business-manager of his wife, professionally known as Mlle. Marie Zoe the Cuban Sylph, during her starring tours through the country.

THE ALHAMBRA OF RESORTS

ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN,

which is visited every afternoon by hundreds of the first families of New York, and which is one of the most delightful resorts on the banks of the mighty Hudson.

FREE EXHIBITIONS OF THE FIRST ORDER

every afternoon at 3 o'clock, commencing on

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1845.

CONTINUED AND TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!

MR. McCARTY is very happy to announce the following popular artists:

YOUNG FRANCISCO, THE FAKIR OF ANGELINA,

and the greatest magician of the Nineteenth Century, and the only professor of the art that can

PERFORM MAGIC IN THE OPEN DAYLIGHT.

In addition to the above novelties, arrangements have been made with

MR. D. W. WRIGHT,

the best Falsetto Vocalist of the Age, who will sing several of the most fashionable songs of the times. Also, with the popular Comic Dancer, who will appear in a variety of comic dances.

In addition to the above, THE AMERICAN BRASS BAND is engaged. Leader, Mr. James Shelton.

MLEANOR.

BY C. EDWIN DUDLEY.

On a shell-ribbed shore,
By the sighing sea,
Dwells sweet Eleanor,
So dear to me;
When the shadows creep
Athant the moor,
I haste to meet
Loved Eleanor.
Chorus.—Eleanor, dear Eleanor,
I'm sad when not with thee;
O Eleanor, loved Eleanor!
You're all the world to me.

Then hand in hand
We wander o'er
The silvery sand,
Where the breakers roar,
Or sit and dream
Of days to come
When love's stream
Will drift as one.
Chorus.—Eleanor, dear Eleanor, etc.

THE LATE CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S Last Appearance on the Stage in this City.

We present our readers with a copy of a bill of the performances given upon the above occasion. She selected for her last appearance Lady Macbeth, the character in which she made her first appearance upon the dramatic stage, at New Orleans, La., as well as her first appearance upon the stage in this city. Long before the hour announced for the opening of the doors, a vast crowd of people, including both sexes, assembled in the vicinity of the theatre. A large force of police was in attendance, stationed about the vestibules and in the corridors of the theatre. Shortly after six o'clock the crowd became so dense that the management decided to open the doors an hour earlier than usual, which being done, ticket-holders began to fill the auditorium, and by half-past seven o'clock there was not an empty seat in the building. Speedily the purchasers of promenade tickets filled the corridors and every available space whence even a glimpse of the stage could be had. The audience was a very brilliant one, and included Governor-elect Tilden, Mayor-elect Wickham, and many distinguished representatives of the Bench, Bar and other learned professions. Large delegations of the Arcadian and Army and Navy Clubs were present, among the latter many distinguished generals. The auditoriums was tastily decorated with flags festooned around the fronts of the various tiers; the private boxes were handsomely draped; the candelebra and gas-brackets were ornamented with wax-flowers; over the upper gallery were suspended the flags of the different States of the Union, and over the sidewalk leading to the main entrance on Twenty-third street an arch had been erected and covered with flags, and ornamented with evergreen. The performances commenced precisely at eight o'clock, and Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth and George Vandenhoff as Macbeth received a torrent of applause as they severally appeared, and similar demonstrations of approval were accorded them during the progress of the tragedy. At its conclusion the stage was cleared and rearranged for the ceremonies to be conducted by the Arcadian Club. While waiting, the audience was entertained by musical selections, excellently performed by the orchestra, under the direction of Michael Connelly. As the curtain rose, a drawing-room scene, filled with gentlemen in evening-dress and standing in a semi-circle, was revealed. Among these were representatives of many clubs, members of the theatrical profession, and distinguished citizens. Miss Cushman, having laid aside her stage-attire, was escorted to a position in front of the semi-circle by Managers Jarrett & Palmer, and, as soon as the lavish applause which greeted her had subsided, Prof. Roberts of the New York College read a poem, which had been written expressly for the occasion by R. H. Stoddard. The poem elicited enthusiastic applause. At its conclusion the venerable poet William Cullen Bryant, who then had recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, advanced to Miss Cushman, presented her on behalf of the Arcadian Club with a wreath of laurel-leaves, tied with white ribbons and resting upon a black-velvet cushion, accompanying the presentation with appropriate remarks. After the applause which had greeted this address had subsided, Miss Cushman, who exhibited signs of deep emotion, returned her thanks in a very effective speech. As Miss Cushman spoke her final words closed upon her ear the air was about to finally retire, some members of the dramatic profession upon the stage commenced to sing "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and after the second verse the curtain fell, amid cheering and the most enthusiastic applause. While these scenes were transpiring within the theatre, a vast crowd had entirely filled the square in front of the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and Twenty-third street down to the theatre. In the immediate vicinity of the theatre was a delegation of the Arcadian Club, bearing lighted torches, who partially allayed the impatience of the multitude by firing off rockets and Roman candles. As Miss Cushman emerged from the stage-entrance on Twenty-third street, and stepped into her carriage, drawn by four bay horses, the multitude sent up a cheer that made the welkin ring. Escorted by the Ninth-regiment Band and the torch-bearers, amid a perfect *feu de joie* of rockets and Roman candles, which brilliantly illuminated the scene, the line of march was taken up to the Fifth-avenue Hotel. The crowd was so dense that but slow progress was made, and the position of the carriage was definitely determined by the joyous shouts that rent the air. Previously to Miss Cushman's arrival at the hotel, the corridors and parlors through which she was to pass had been filled by invited guests, who, unable to obtain admission to the theatre, had assembled to pay their respects to the great tragedienne. Upon arriving at the hotel she was escorted by Manager Jarrett through the corridors and parlors, where she was greeted with manifestations of pleasure, to the balcony, over the main entrance of the hotel, facing Madison square. Here she was greeted with cheers from the dense crowd that covered every foot of ground so far as the eye could reach. A serenade was given by the Ninth-regiment Band, and a brilliant display of magnificent fireworks, lasting about half an hour, was seen in the square. Many demands for a speech from Miss Cushman were made by the crowd, but she declined to accede to their request, and, after waving a farewell to the spectators, she retired to her rooms, and the vast assemblage, after giving three hearty cheers, quietly dispersed. Thus ended one of the greatest ovations ever paid to a member of the dramatic profession in the history of the stage. The receipts at the box-office of the theatre reached $7,000, every seat in the house, the gallery included, being sold for $2 each, and some 1,600 admission tickets were sold at $1.50 each. The receipts at the matinee that day exceeded $8,000, making the receipts of the two performances upwards of $10,000.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

JARRETT & PALMER.....Lessees and Managers
Prices.—Admission, $1.50; seats in any part of the house, $2.
Business-manager.....Mr. Joseph H. Tooker
Stage-manager.....Mr. L. John Vincent

LAST NIGHT

of the farewell engagement of the illustrious tragedienne
MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,
and her last appearance on the metropolitan stage,
SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 7, 1874,
when will be presented Shakespeare's sublime tragedy
MACBETH,
with the following assignment of characters:

Lady Macbeth.....Miss Charlotte Cushman
Macduff.....Mr. Fred. W. Warde
Duncan.....Mr. Sheppard Sedgwick
Malcolm.....C. Rockwell
Rosse.....D. E. Ralton
Lennox.....E. K. Collier
Seyton.....Sidney Rolfe
Fleance.....Miss L. Naylor
Macbeth.....Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff
Banquo.....Chas. Wheatleigh
Officers.....Messrs. Carpenter, Torriani, Ranon, etc.
Physician.....John Weaver
Gentlewoman.....Miss E. Grattan
First Witch.....C. Leclercq
Second Witch.....Miss M. Wells
Third Witch.....J. W. Brutone
First Apparition.....F. Little
Second Apparition.....
Wounded Officer.....H. C. Bridges
First Murderer.....J. Major
Second Murderer.....T. Conner

Matthew Locke's Original Music will be interpreted under the direction of Prof. MICHAEL CONNELLY, leader of the orchestra, and the songs, incantations, etc., will be by Annie Kemp Bowler, Miss Mabel Lyndon, Miss Pauline Rutherford, Miss Maria Newman, Miss Jennie Dallymore, Miss Tilly Getchell, Miss Therese Phillips, Mr. Charles Pike, Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, M

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Instrel Profession.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Managers and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. J. R.
Adams, Lucille M. 3c
Alquist, Georgie M.
Bushworth, Mrs. Jas.
Batchelder, Mrs. Pauline
Bent, Ida
Bowman, Laura
Bolton, Mrs. Tillie
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Bloom's Chicago Co. Dora
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bartlett, Belle
Barnard, Minnie
Bayly, Mrs. Sam'l.
Bates, MinnieClark
Bittman, Mrs. Grace
Bain, Rose 5c.
Boyd, Nellie
Carle, Lestie (dancer)
Coleman, Nellie
De Granville, Mlle.
Drayton, Alice
De Vere, Ida
Doyle, Kate
Devere, Ida
Ellis, Hattie
Engel, Jennie
Forest, Lillian
Forrest, Kate (vocalist)
Florentine, Lillie F.
Gray, Mattie
Gleason, Alice (or Healy's Co.) (3)
Goward, Mrs. Jas.
Gleason, Mollie
Heslep, Grace (3)
Hooker, Fannie (of Morris' Co.)
Harold, Nannie
Howard, Mrs. Paul ine
Holdman, Mrs. Harriet
Howard, Mrs. G. C.
Hall, Albertine
Hindle, Annie
Hall, Lillie A.
Hussey, Mrs. Frank
Heslep, Grace
Irwin Sisters (2)5c.
Lindsey, Jennie
Lottus, Miss Sidney
La Forrest, Millie
Le Roy, Kittie
May, Georgie
Merrett, Pauline
Maflin, Mrs. J.
Morris, Ciara
Mitchell, Maggie
Maretta, Libbie
McDonald, Flora
Mahretta, Mlle.
Miller, Mrs. Adelaide
Minelli, Leontine
May, Ettie (of Bertie's Co.)
Marlow, Ida
Macarte, Mad.
Montague, Louisa (vocalist)
Peak, Fannie
Peck, Nellie 3c.
Pyne, Effie L.
Prior, Emily
Roy, Mattie
Raymond, Kate
Remmelsberg, Bettie
Reed, Mrs. Ch.
Rose, Fannie
Robinson, Jennie
Saville, Blanche
Sickney, Virginia (vocalist)
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Seborne, Ada
Stone, Emma
Sutter, Helena
St. Felix, Mad. 15c.
Stiles, Amy 6c.
Vernon, Mattie
Vanzandt, Jnes
Westall, Mrs. Fanny
Wells, Minnie
Weber, Ella
Wester, Hester
Williams, Gussey
Wren, Martha 5c.
Zoerner, Anna
Asmus, H. (musician)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"Amateur" (2)
Abbey, Harry E.
Austin, Chas. (with Colonel Stat. &c.
Ainsleys, The
Archer, Jno. W.
Almond, G. O.
Ala.,— (gymnast)
Arizona, Chas.
Arbuckle, O. (circus "biz")
Adams, J. E. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Austin, C. (comedian)
"Merry Austins"
Allerange, J. T.
Austin, C. (comedian)
Ashton, Charles (pianist 5c.
Asmus, H. (musician)
"Boston"
Berger Family
Barlow Bros.
Burke, Jno. M (manager) (2) 3c.
Barnum, H. (manager) (2)
Barnum, P. T. (3)
Bryant, Harry (of Barnum's Aggr.)
Barry and Somerby
Baker, T. (mus. dir.)
Bernard, E. S.
Burke, J. (with Tableaux of Eria)
Belmont, Francis
Booth, Edwin (2)
Burt, W. M.
Busher, Hiram
Barnholt, Jno.
Bates, Mark
Bateman, Hell
Bates W.
Barton Thos. (p o, m. for Grandmother)
Beedle, C. C. (manager)
Beaty, E E
Bushnell & Co., G. W.
Booth, Mr. (printer)
Bachelder, Geo.
Buffalo Bills Co. (Agent of
Brennan, R. A.
Bell, A. G.
Bert, Mr. (of Wade's Opera-house)
Bliss, Howard R.
Braham, Harry N.
Banks, C. L.
Barber, Judd
Campbell & Scott, Geo.
Cottrell, Frank M.
Cody, W.
Callender, Chas.
Cole, Lew (of Lew & Leon) (3) 3c.
Castle, C. H.
Cassim, Jas. (2)
Clarke, "Kit"
Comorras & Coleman (2)
Crager, Geo. C.
Cawthorne, Herbert
Collins, Chas. (of "Color Guard")
Clark, Chas.
Cameron, J. B (circus "biz")
Cole, W.
Cerivale & Son, Prof.
Corigan, Robt. E.
Cole, Al. 15c.
Castello, Danl. (circus "biz")
Carter, Wm. J.
Conroy, J. F.
Craig, W. F.
Cowles, Theo. G.
Castello, Geo. (circus "biz")
Crusoe, Chas.
Carter, Chas. (of London Sen. Co.)
Culbertson, G. H.
Cooper, W. S. (of Brooklyn)
Connor, T. L. (leading "biz")
Chamberlain, C. V.
Crispini, Sig. U.
Cushing, Danl. (2)
Cole, Saml. (circus "biz")
Courtney & Sanford's Dir., Man. Centennial Circus, Manager
Cushing, Danl. (cornetist)
Clifford, Harry (vocalist)
Collier, Prof. (of Murray's Chr.)
Collins, Jas.
Cooke, Jas. (press)
Cash, Mr. (trombone)
Cunnion, E. B. (2)
Cushion, M. C.
Crane, W. (comedian and valist)
Carlton, Frank (minst. "biz")
Clark, Martin Jack (2)
Crittenden, Romeo
Cassim, Mr.
Campbell, Bartley
Cooke, Alf. E.
Daly, Chas. 6c.
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Rosset, Walter
Dustin, Harry (musician)
Davis, Thos. (lion tamer)
Dunbar, E. C. (3)
Dodge, Benj.
Dearborn, Chas. H.
Davis, Chas. L.
Delano, "Jepp" (2)
Dupree, Chas. H.
Derrick, Geo.
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Ellis, Charles
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Edwards, Frank
Fielding, Jno.
Fisk, Jim
Frank, "Tony"
Foster, Gust.
Fish, F.
Fair, G. A. (2)
Fritz, Edwin (2)
Frost, Hyam
Fryne, Frank I. (2)
Faulkner, T. E.
Fulton, — (sideshow "biz")
Fulton, Jno.
Forepaugh's Circus, Bus. Manag.
Fawcett, Owen
Goldrich, Peter
Goroux, Emile
Goldsmith, M.
Gallagher, Mich. 5c.
Gregorie, Chas.
Goodfellow, Luke
Girard, James
Garland William, Bessie Turner, Jas Pirah, manager of German Military Band, W. E. Morse, H Woest, Jas. W. Taner, Elias Glassford, Jno. Ryan, Co.; Bessie Neall, and Jas. Keyes of Kersands' Minstrels are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) post-office.
Goldsberg, J. (sideshow "biz")
Greenwood, Fred. (of K. Putnam Co.)
Graham, Jas A.
Grayson, Hark
Gormley, Jno. T.
Gaston, Albert
Gorman, W. H.
Griffin, Jno. (musician)
Howard, Harry T.
Howard, Wm. (of NorthCarolinians)
McAuley Bros.
Howe & Cushing
Hanson, J. (banjoist)
Hurley & Marr
Howard, Harry T.
Howard, Wm. (vertical "biz")
Haight, And. (circus "biz") (2)
Hart, Thos.
Hall, Mills
Howard, Rollin
Hess, Ed.
Hall, Prof. J. W.
Huthman, Max.
Hamilton, Jno.
Hutchinson, Asa B.
Huntley, Steph. L.
Hyland, Ed. M.
Hayward, F. (of "N. Y. Serenaders")
Harrison, James (actor)
Hale, Chas.
Hill, Jas. (of Faber's Co.)
Henderson, W. (of Chanfrau Co.)
Harris, P. (of W. W. Cole's Cir.)
Herne, J. A.
Hillard & Hamilton (2)
Hawley, J. (song and-dance)
Hawley, Frank (song and-dance)
Hafner, T.
Holston, Ari 3c.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hart, Thos.
Hanchett, D.
Howard, Jno. A.
Howe's Lond. Cir.
Bus. Manag.
Hyde, J. M.
Howard, Wm.
Jordan, J.
Josli, Thos.
Jones, Arnold
Kidder, C. W.
Kinkel, Jr., Danl.
Kline, Lewis (gymnast)
Kent, Chas. (2)
Kent, Mr. (of Kent's Dram. Co.)
Lynch, Ed.
Lando Bros.
Little, Chas. (with Spaulding)
Lloyd, H. (of Barnum's Hippo.)
Leopold, Jno. S. 6c.
Lasselle & Tilley
Lindley, Harry
Lucas, Saml. (of Georg, Minst.)
Lyle, Jh. (of Adams & Lee) (2)
Lee, Gust.
Luloff, D. F.
Lee, Ed. C.
Lawlor, W. F.
Leavitt, Benj.
Lent, Sam'l.
Luproli, J. S. 5c.
Meyer, Julius J.
McCabe, J. P.
Mack, Prof. Wm.
Murray, B. S.
Mitchell & Sheldon
Manzocca, Col.
Marshall, Mr. (of NorthCarolinians)
McAuley Bros.
Mr. (trombone)
Mackenzie, Archie (2) 5c.
Murray, J. H. (circus proprietor)
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
Maroney, Theophilus (3)
Maynard, Thos.
Masaroo, Theo.
Marvins, Geo.
Maas, Chas.
Melville, Jas.
McFadden, Jno.
McFadden, James (vocalist)
Miller Family
McGill, W. (of McGill & Strong)
Marr, W. (of Hurley & Marr)
Mitchell Bros.
Millar, A. H.
Miller, F. S.
Morgan, Wm. (hurdle-rider)
Martens, F.
Marcus, Herbert
McCullough, Jno.
McGill & Strong's Minstrels
Mack, F. (of Murphy & Mack) (3)
Mitchell, Wm. (dresser)
Morris, Frank
Miller, Prof. B.
McArthur, J. (boss canvas-man)
Murphy, Patrick
Masters, Jno. E.
Morris, Frank (musician)
McGann, W. (with McGill & Strong)
Mack, J. (of Wesley's Co.) 5c
Morris, Andy" (pantomimist)
Mehan, Thos.
McClane, Frank A.
Montague, Harry (3)
Nash, Danl. (2)
Norton, Jno. (specialty "biz")
Norton, Jos. (juggler)
Noyes, Chas. (circus "biz")
Osborne, H. S.
Peters, Jas. F.
Potter, Wm.
Page, H. (cornetist)
Prager Family
Pullman Bros. (2)
Pool, Bros. (3)
Pheite, Jos. (2)
Pendy, Jno.
Poole Bros.
Pheite, R. H. (2)
Pope, W. W. (reader, etc.)
Parker, Lewis
Parks & Davis
Patten, Geo. M.
Payson, Ed. S.
Perkins, Prof. Fred.
Primrose, Thos.
Pickert, Willie
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Roman, Jas.
Robinson Family (2)
Robinson, Silas F. (2)
Rumelli, Clint
Rooney, Patrick
Rice, Danl. (circus "biz")
Read, P. (musician)
Raynor, Harry
Robson Stuart
Robinson, Jno. (Vankee)
Russell, Sol. S.
Randall, Jr., Wm.
Randall, J. (late of Brooklyn, L. L.)
Robinson, Jas. (p. o. m. Richmond)
Richards, A. (gymnast)
Rousselle, H. (of Rousselle Bros.)
Robinson, Wm. (leader)
Rushby, Horace
Raymond, Jno. T. 5c.
Rubini, P.
Roe, W. H.
Robinson, Jas. (equestrian)
Spaulding, W. F.
Stowe, W. H. (2)
Surridge, J. H.
Stanley, Ernest
Sands, A. C.
Stultz, J. G.
Sheppards, Harry
Sexton, Prof. M. C. (2)
Schofield, Fred. S.
Sebastian, Romeo (2)
Sells Bros.
Slafin, Wm. (leader)
Stanton, Wm.
Sayler, J. W.
Scales, Benj. S.
Stone, "Jim" (circus "biz")
Smith, Jno. (of Springer's Cir.)
Smith, S. S.
Sands, Geo.
Stetson, Harry R.
Stanley, Jake
Sutton, Danl. (concert "biz")
Robins, Minst.)
Shimer, N. S.
Swartz, Clonzo
Steubgen, F.
Strehlaw, Lorens
Slafer, Wm. E.
Sertrew, Saul
Sivalla, Chas.
Stowe, W. H. (of Cooke's Cir.) 5c.
Sherwood, — (bar performer)
Tyler, Geo. H.
Thayer, Jas. L.
Tooby, F. (2)
Tourinaire, Francois G.
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Tennyson, Jno.
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Taylor, Jos. (of Taylor's Circus Co.)
Trimble, Harry M.
Terry, Robt.
Thorne, C.
United States Cir., Manager
Vernon, J. K.
Vanderbilt, Frank (2)
Villa, W.
VanAmburgh's Cir. 5c.
Victorelli, Jno.
Vickery, Frank
Varney, Ed. (of M. Mitchell Co.)
Wilson, Wm. (circus "biz")
Wallace, G. T.
Washburn, Leon (2)
Wheatley, Wm. E.
Wilson, Eugene
Wagner, Cal (2)
Ward, W. H. (of Dunbar & Bennett, Minst.)
Warpool, Chas. F.
West, Wally G.
Whitney, Frank (illusionist)
White & Turner
Wilkinson, C.
Williams, B.
Wells, Harry C.
White, Frank (of Skiff & Gaylord's Min.)
White, Geo. (musician)
Williams, J. "Lancashire Lad")
Wingfield, Jno.
Weil, G. Meyer
Washburn, R. S. (4)
Weeks, Mr. T. W.
Winnetta, The
Wadsworth, A. J.
Wheelock, Jos.
Wheelock, Jack
White, Nick
Watson, W. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Watson, Wm. (p. o. m. Grantham, Eng.
Wilson, Jas. (candy "biz")
Watson, E. W.
Young, Wm. (minst. "biz")

PRESS OPINIONS.

ORDERLY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 21, '76.

This is the eve of the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and it was our intention to have favored our readers with an elaborate essay on the immortal one, with marginal notes and refer; ences; but, as the ground is fully covered by parties who make a specialty of stump-oratory, we have decided not to interfere with the rights of those gentlemen, whose words, in the language of a very good poet, are "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbles," etc. George was not only popular, and a general favorite in his own day, but his works do live after him, and will survive until time shall be no more. It is proper that more than usual observance should be given to the day this year, because it is the centennial of the nation's birth; and a grand celebration of George's natal day will be a fitting prelude to the grand celebration of the 4th of July. .....In the death of Charlotte Cushman another has been added to that innumerable caravan which is ever moving onward to the grave; another link in the chain that connects the stage of to-day with that of the past has been sundered. Yes, a light which for years has shone resplendent in the theatrical firmament has been blotted from our sight by the shadow of death; but memory of her genius, of her many virtues, of her glorious womanhood, will never be obscured:

THE TRAGIC QUEEN.
To our Dramatic temple
The dread destroyer crept,
And from its loftiest column
A form of pride has swept.—
One to be long remembered,
Regretted, loved and wept.

Sequence in poem—
Toils and triumphs end,
Ripe with years and honors,
Slumber on, dear friend.
Half of all thy merits
Is not penned!

.....With commendable unselfishness, the directors of the Centennial Exposition have decided to close the buildings during Sundays and evenings, and, therefore, amusements in the city of Philadelphia must profit thereby, because visitors to the great exhibition will have the evenings in which to take in the minor entertainments and sights. This is well.....A word of praise is due to the ushers who do service at Brother Moody and Sankey's meetings, because they are courteous, attentive to their duties, and don't bluster. There is always an usher in the proper place at the right time, and seekers after the truth are seated as quietly as though they were in a church. And another thing deserving of honorable mention is the order that reigns during service. Latecomers are locked out, or sent on probation to the "overflow hall," so that the "line" at the large hall shall not be molested by the continued passing and repassing of newcomers, which is such an annoyance at our theatres; but, of course, we cannot expect managers of theatres to lock out people, seeing that in so doing they would be shutting off not so much money. As there is no charge to hear our dear brethren at the Hippodrome, the directors can afford to be independent. But our theatrical ushers may get a wrinkle or two from the gentlemen who seat the meek and lowly at the Hippodrome.....And here let us take occasion to remark that it is much easier to meet an actor than a manager. The latter is usually found with the *less ease*. [See? *Lessees* of the house.—ED.].....So much has been said in praise of Manager Palmer of the Union-square Theatre, and Manager Palmer of Booth's, that we feel sure our friends will not object should we utter a few words in behalf of the actress Palmer, seeing that she is doing her level best to secure a footing hold on the boards and a place in the hearts of the people. Join with us while we give voice to the appended lines to

MINNIE PALMER.

Keep steadily upon your course,
And strive, *fair Minnie, so to reign*
In Thespian art that you'll be hailed
From *Minnesota* unto Maine;
Then shall the critics stun their whips—
If you have talent, you must rise!
Work oft and well, and do not heed
The critic's bane on your "*Laughing Eyes*."

.....James desires to say that the *jops* in the plays at the Fifth-avenue Theatre remind him of a certain municipal body, because they're *the Department of Parkes!*..... See here now. A disappointed author declares that the banner-bearer in spectacular parade is the only man who *keeps up to his usual standard!*.....Here's a batch of news that we fail to get the hang of—it seems to have been sent in good faith by one Bacon of Boston, the city where Winslow did such a lively business in autographs. Here is Bacon's latest dish of theatrical hash, which, like most hashes, is wrapped in mystery:

Dr. Lansing of Philadelphia opened in Hoboken last night in his specialty "Tommy, Make Room for Your Aunty," which brought down the house. The house will "go up" to-day, to be ready for another "tumble" to-night.....Kobe Gilly, the latest novelty, does a song-and-dance standing on his head, and furnishing his own music at the piano. He dances in different languages, and sings in two keys at the same time.....The Bowers-Beedle Aggravation will take the road as soon as walking is good and things are settled. They will take in Elizabeth en route to Emma Mine.....Mrs. Ironhill dislocated her jaw lately, while doing a forward somersault from shoulder to shoulder.....E. P. Winslow, shortly expected, wants an engagement as press agent; can furnish references as to qualifications. Is a good penman and quick at figures; can get out of town quicker than any other man in the business, and return over the same route just as quick. P. S.—Would buy a panorama of the Holy Land, to add to church societies or parties intending to travel. Can talk a man deaf in ten minutes, and to death in fifteen minutes. Have a new lecture for next season, entitled "What I Know About Newspapers—their Uses, Abuses, etc." Address Dresser Retterdam, via London.....The Snide Constellation" showed at Flatiron Station Feb. 14. The cast of characters embraced all the leading members, and the leading members embraced one another. The house was good—but no one is it.....Miss Lightontheice desires an engagement. Managers will be pleased to learn that her mother does not interfere with her this season. Send dee Gest. Send your best photo., state your income, and inclose two ten-cent stamps. Silence gives consent.

.....We don't know that "Mrs. Barney" has noticed it, but foreigners don't like "Our Jim" as the Countess does......"Our Jim" wants to know whether *audiences hurt themselves* when they *drop off* at the theatres. Well, no, Jimmy, they hurt the theatres more than they do themselves; but dropping-off is not confined to audiences. Two provincial theatres "dropped off" last week, and the unfortunate players "dropped" with them.....With your kind permission, dear reader, we propose to devise, invent, construct, and otherwise bring into being a few choice lines of poetry in honor of

"THE REFORMED ACTRESS."

Good Mrs. L., your efforts to shame
And ponder well this statement sage—
Though in the church you're made a "hit,"
You never did it on the stage!

.....The gentlemen of the sawdust arena are mapping out routines, training curiosities, exercising stock, breaking in unruly elephants, subjugating refractory lions, discouraging untamable hyenas, drawing the fangs of unfriendly snakes, infusing fresh life into useless tigers, and overlooking things generally. Sideshowmen are also wide awake with the spirit of enterprise. Cassimus, Jr., is bleaching last season's albinos, and freshly tattooing the New Zealand chief, who was caught in the act of eating a raw missionary; the party who lives on a diet of swords and daggers, and other cutlery, when the show is on the road, just now takes three square meals of wholesome food, and is still connected with his boarding-house. The candy-butcher is making contracts for a good supply of provender, and Steinau of Cincinnati is already filling up orders for his jewelry and other articles which find such favor with patrons of tent-exhibitions. "The Blower" is lost for words to express his gratification while looking prospects ahead. He will this year deliver an entirely new lecture, embellished with patriotic hits, laughable sallies, and equally laughable *jeu d'sprits*, concluding with a walk-around, free to all, on the outside of the canvas. One sideshow brother wanted to get in on the ground floor on the Centennial, but concluded that business within the enclosure; but when the directors coolly intimated that fifty thousand dollars would be about the figures necessary to secure the privilege, the showman leaned upon a board, and wiped away a tear. The man darkly insinuates that the *big* show was afraid of his little concern! But enough of work, the boys are quietly moving, and they expect to reap a fair share of the fruits of the Centennial.....And here we might take occasion to say that "Our Jim" has his eyes fixed upon the Centennial, and has an idea for a new play which is certainly novel and replete with real sensations. In his "privit dror" we observed a synopsis of the opening scene, which it appears that the author, in obedience to the demands of the age, proposes to have a man killed every night! No humbug! The object is, as we gather from some foot-notes, to kill off all the *bad* actors! To accomplish this, he thinks the piece will require a *very long run!* The great sensation is to be the last act, which is to be in a real iron-foundry. The hero comes in barefooted, and walks around on red-hot bars of pig-iron! Then lays his head on a massive block of steel—an enormous trip-hammer descends, strikes him on the *cheek*, and is shattered into a thousand pieces! The actor comes before the curtain to apologize for not dying, when he is suddenly and unexpectedly killed by a discharge of sky-rockets from the orchestra! And copyright secured. Managers wishing to utilize this new play can obtain permission by paying a certain proportion of each performance. There is a movement, we understand, to form a secret league to oppose the introduction of such pieces upon the stage! There is great excitement, and James says gore will be spilled should the so-called league attempt to interfere with his rights. He says that, so long as actors murder the works of authors, the latter should have the privilege of murdering actors!.....Ah, ha! While our friends in Fifth avenue are having their soirees, and parties, and amateur disturbances, let it not be forgotten that—but the subject is deserving of tender lines of original poetry, and we therefore dish it up thus:

THE SUNDERFUL WOMAN.

On Monday next brave "Rose Michel"—
The fairest of our city sights—
"Receives" in state, like queens of old,
Surrounded by her *hundred knights!*"

.....A man writes us from a theatrical printing establishment that new dramas are generally improved by judicious *cuts!* New coats are open to the same improvement, as well as to proper curtailment. But *some* cuts and *some* curtailment deprive new plays of their identity, *vide* "The Black Crook," which, when first seen at Niblo's Garden by its author, the late Charles M. Barrass, induced him to ask when *his* piece was to be brought out.....G. Fawcett Rowe's new play of "Brass" introduced us to a Sybil, yet it was not a Sybil's Cave, but a Sybil's house being the scene of Sybil Hawker's attempt to grow a polish and a finish that can only be found in *rosewood*? [Dear friends, this touching little bit has reference to Miss Rose Wood, new to our boards, but a favorite with Philadelphia playgoers.—ED.].....And talking about "*brass*," we should like to know whether it is anything more than *Sybil-ee-Brass*?.....Here let us have pause. [And Jim's *dirty* paws seized the copy, to hurry it up to the compositor.]

CITY SUMMARY.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Adelaide Phillipps Italian-opera Company began a season at the Academy of Music Feb. 7, opening in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," Miss Adelaide Phillipps sustaining the role of Rosina; Signorina Lamberti, Borta; Tom Karl, Count Almaviva; Sig. Ferranti, Figaro; Sig. Bacelli, Dr. Bartolo; and Sig. Coletti, Don Basilio. On Wednesday "Il Trovatore" was given, introducing Miss Violetta Colville as Leonora, with Miss Adelaide Phillipps as Azucena. On Friday Miss Matilda Phillipps made her debut before a metropolitan audience in the title-role in "La Cenerentola," Miss Adelaide Phillipps appearing as Thisbe. At the Saturday matinee "La Favorita" was the attraction, presenting Miss Adelaide Phillipps as Leonora; Signorina Lamberti, Ines; Tom Karl, Fernando; Sig. Carpi, Alfonso; and Sig. Bacelli, Baldassare.....At Steinway Hall, on Feb. 14, a concert was given in aid of the German Emigrant House, at which the following artists assisted: Miss Antonia Henne, contralto; Miss F. Rokohl, soprano; C. Fritsch, tenor; Messrs. S. Liebling and T. V. Gogh, piano; H. Brandt, violin; A. Hoch, violincello; and Max Liebling, accompanyist, with the choirs of St. Matthew's and St. John's Churches.....At the organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity, on Wednesday afternoon, S. P. Warren, organist, and Chas. Werner, 'cellist, were the performers.....F. J. Daum gave the last of a series of recitals of classical music at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, in which he was assisted by Messrs. Ed. Mollenhauer and F. Bergner.....The Boston Philharmonic Club, including Messrs. B. and F. Listeman, A. Hadegen, E. Gramm, E. Weiner and A. Belz, with Mrs. H. M. Smith and Miss Laura Schirmer, sopranos; Frederick Boscovitz, pianist; and the Temple Quartet of Boston, comprising Messrs. D. F. Fitz and W. H. Fessenden, tenors; H. A. Cook, baritone; and C. Ryder, basso, gave concerts at Steinway Hall Feb. 17, 18, and a matinee on the 19th.....At the entertainment given at Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of St. Stephen's Church, several of our most excellent artists—including Mrs. Mixsell, soprano; Mlle. Munier, alto; Sig. Fridori, tenor; Sig. Parini, bass; and Mr. Jacobsohn, pianist—were the essentials of a well-selected programme under the direction of Henry B. Danforth, organist.....The fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy of Music Feb. 19, Miss Julia Rive, pianist, being the soloist. The orchestra was under the conductorship of Carl Bergmann.....On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Zelda Seguin's benefit, "The Bohemian Girl" will be the bill with Mme. VanZandt and Mrs. Seguin in the cast.

OLE ALLERUP returned to town from the West Feb. 17.

TONY PASTOR announces the following new people at his theatre this week: Harry Montague, Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman, Herr Schultze, Kirk and Drew, Annie Hindle, La Belle Victoria, Frank Cushman and Carrie Duncan.

SAM RICKEY, Master Barney and Billy Barry are the reinforcements at the Globe Theatre this week.

C. T. NICHOLS is the star this week at Wood's Museum.

MATINEES are to be given at nearly all the places of amusement on Washington's Birthday.

A BURLESQUE entitled "Julius Cæsar," Ben Maginley, and Murphy and Morton are the new features at the Olympic Theatre.

CHARLES CUMMINGS, Mlle. Pauline, Naoni, Mlle. Novelli, and Mr. Leonard may be seen this week at the Tivoli Theatre.

AT THE Tivoli Theatre, the past week, the attractions consisted of the Hernandez-Ravel Pantomime Troupe in "The Magic Trumpet," the Holland Brothers and Mlle. Violette in aerial gymnastics; Clara and Thomas Maxwell in musical sketches, and Jennie Tournour in a trapeze act.

J. W. ALLISON, director of Mrs. Jas. A. Oates' English Comic-opera Company, sailed Feb. 19, in the City of Paris, for London, where he will arrange for their opening in that city at the expiration of their Australian tour, following the present San Francisco engagement, which terminates in April. He publishes his address in his card in this issue.

"BRASS," a comedy in four acts, from the pen of George Fawcett Rowe, was produced at the Park Theatre on the occasion of its reopening on Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, and was acted with the following cast:

Sybil Hawker	Tom Masham...Chas. Norris
Silas Rose Wood	Philip Markson
Mary Markson	W. J. Cogswell
Miss Rose Lisle	Horatio Tibbetts
Mrs. Masham	Frank Langley
Alice.....Miss Marie Louise	James Balance
Mr. Wyvern..Lewis Morrison	Cyril Searle
Admiral Hawker	Abraham Paddock
A. C. Padgett	Williams.....J. F. Cooke
John Masham	Jenkins.....C. Rosene
Vining Bowers	Waiton Stray.....G. F. Rowe

Entirely new scenery had been painted for it by Charles Henry, Charles Graham, George Heinnemann and another. The scene of the first act represented a country home in Esher. The action of the first part of the second act takes place in Bramblebye Park, and the latter portion in a lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn; that of the third act in Sybil Hawker's bedchamber, and the last in the hall at Ashlyn. The scene used in the third act was by far the most beautiful ever displayed upon the stage of this theatre, and was painted by Charles Henry. The scenery of the last act was very handsome, but the artist had been unfortunate in the selection of some of his subjects, as the scene at first view had the appearance of being used for some years. A new drop-curtain from the pencil of William Voegtlin was also displayed for the first time. It represents drapery bordered with ermine, and there is a small medallion portrait in the centre. The story of the comedy may be described as follows:

Sybil Hawker, at an early age, was left by her dying father to the care of his brother, Admiral Hawker. Both brothers had loved the same lady. Sybil's likeness to her deceased mother constantly remind the admiral of his brother's triumph, and consequently the bond of affection between the Admiral and his niece is not very strong. From Sybil's lips we learn that while at sea as school in France, a few years before the opening of the comedy, she with a schoolmate named Mary Markson accidentally fell into a river, from which they were both rescued by two English tourists. A tender passion sprang out of this adventure, and Sybil kept up a clandestine correspondence with her lover for some months, which did not result in further harm. Mary Markson was more unfortunate, as she eloped with her lover, Mr. Wyvern, the heir of Ashlyn, and fled with him to Italy. He proved to be a roue, gambler and spendthrift, and soon disgusted her. We are then introduced to the family of John Masham, a wealthy retired brewer, consisting of, besides himself, Mrs. Masham, a parvenu; Alice, their daughter, a lovable young miss, who has ensnared the heart of James Balance, a lawyer's clerk, and to whose suit the parents will not listen on account of the young man's poverty; and Tom, a young rake, who squanders all the money he can raise by betting on the turf. Sybil becomes a governess in this household, and eccentric gentleman, who has traveled all over the world, and who has a confirmed habit of perverting the truth on every occasion. Sybil Hawker and Mary Markson meet, and the latter, who has become a popular favorite, is delighted to see her friend. She presents Sybil to her father, who at once falls in love with Sybil, and fears to declare his passion until in search of information as to the parentage of Sybil. A very nervous and bashful young clergyman, who

THE ATTRACTION at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., during the past week was Kate Fisher in equestrian drama. "Mazeppa" was carefully put on and nicely acted, says our correspondent on Feb. 18, adding: "Harry Conley as Dreibiad was capital, and the same may be said of T. C. Grierson and Ada Krone in the respective parts of Rudzioff and Abder Khan. Geo. Berrell, who played the Castellan, was taken ill the second night, and his part has since been taken by Chas. C. Jordan. Miss Constance Jordan, who does nearly everything well, was the Olinska of the piece. The performance each evening concluded with a farce, which gave Harry Conley an opportunity for comedy acting. Geo. Rignold and Jarrett & Palmer's Combination begin a two weeks' season 21.....May Howard began her second week at the Olympic with the comedy of 'Cleoda.' The piece is one hardly suited to a star, as there is not one character in it which stands out in prominence from the rest. Every member of the company had a good part, and as they all did well it would be useless to particularize. 'London Assurance' was the bill for Thursday, and to-night Miss Howard will appear in Romeo, Miss Lillie of the stock company playing Juliet. 'East Lynne' will conclude the engagement of Miss Howard, who goes hence to New Orleans, La. The Florences begin 21, to be followed by Augusta Dargon 28.....John W. Norton was presented with a gold-headed cane by the St. Louis Amateur Association for his kindness in directing their performance of 'Hamlet' on Feb. 12."

SAM S. SANFORD will produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, Columbus 26, New Albany 28, 29, Louisville, Ky., March 1 to 4, Cincinnati, O., 6 to 11, inclusive.

THE D'ALVINI SISTERS are at present in Philadelphia, studying for the stage under Signor Vallo.

THE PLUNKETT COMBINATION performed in Tipton, Ia., Feb. 17, 18, 19, and are to show in De Witt this week and Clinton next.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL is now completing a new play, the plot of which is laid in California, the first act in Yosemite, the second in El Dorado County, and the other three acts in San Francisco. The Vigilance Committee of 1856 is treated of in the fourth act.

CLARA MORRIS, supported by Sol Smith and Mat. V. Lingham, was to have opened at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 14 in "Camille;" but, owing to a sudden illness, she was unable to appear until the 15th. In consequence a large crowd was turned away by the ticket-office door, and a hastily-prepared performance of "East Lynne" was given, Rose Osbourn playing Lady Isabel; and Mrs. G. C. Germon, Corney Carlyle. Our correspondent, under date of Feb. 20, remarks: 'When Miss Morris did appear, it was with the evidence of weakness still about her. Her impersonations were only criticized as being too life-like in their more passionate parts for the feelings of an audience. In 'Camille' the cast embraced Messrs. J. P. Rutledge, C. B. Walter, H. C. Webber, W. Bird, Mrs. Germon, Rose Osbourn, Archie Walton and Eugenie Paul of the regular company. During the latter part of the week 'Marguerite' was played, and at the Saturday matinee Miss Morris took her farewell. The business of the week was excellent. On Saturday night the company produced 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' and 'Sarah's Young Man' for the benefit of the poor, the house being kindly loaned by Charles E. Ford, treasurer. On the 21st Mattit & Tyler's 'Humpty Dumpty' Troupe open for one week. Owing to ill health, Miss Morris will be compelled to cancel her engagements up to April.....Poor performances have been drawing moderate houses at the Holliday-street Theatre, where 'Rosina Meadows,' succeeded by 'Did She Go, or Was She Led Astray?' George K. Fortescue in the latter as Countess Armand Shamdose, were produced. Baker and Farron open in 'Heinrich and Hettie' on the 21st.....The combination under the management of Walter Benn, who have been playing for the past three weeks at the Maryland Institute, closed on the 19th."

"HENRY V" will not be produced at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., until March. It being underlined last week, our correspondent inferred it was to follow the present engagement, but was brought out the 21st.....Manager C. W. Davey left the 14th for New Orleans, La. The report of his having broken his arm and injured himself is a canard.

EDNA, whose address is care of this office, wants an engagement as second old woman.

HARRY LACKEY, leading man and light comedian, advertises for an engagement.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, Feb. 14, was produced, for the first time in this country, an adaptation by J. Steele Mackaye and J. V. Pritchard, of Victor Hugo's drama, 'Marie Tudor,' entitled "Queen and Woman," which ran during the week to good business.

ROBERT MCWADE opens at Lancaster, Pa., 21, Columbia 22, Harrisburg 23.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., we have the following intelligence from our correspondent under date of Feb. 13:

MRS. EMMA WALLER'S engagement at the California Theatre, as Pauline in the Lady of Lyons, was a success. Her attempt to perform Iago on the 8th and 9th was a mistake, and jeopardized the prestige of the actress, and the result was the abandonment of the idea of playing Rosalind for her benefit on the 11th. She substituted Mrs Haller and Meg Merrilies, and finally closed her engagement by acting Lucretia Borgia. Mrs. Waller returns East immediately, reaching St Salt Lake on the 16th. On the 14th Barion Hill's dramatization from the French, known as the five-act drama of "Jeannette," which received production some years ago in Philadelphia, was to be brought out, with Miss Fateman, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Carrie Wyatt, Miss Alice Harrison, T. W. Keene, Robt. Fateman, Wm. Sylvester and Nelson Decker in the cast. Henry Edwards is to succeed his adventitious on the 18th, when "Our Boys" will be revived. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who begins a three weeks' engagement on the 20th, announces for her repertoire "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Cymbeline," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Rene's Daughter," "Lady of Lyons," and "The Hunchback." Lotta Eytinge is under engagement to appear shortly, and it is now announced under authority that Edwin Booth is to play an entire month in September.....After four weeks' good business "Snowflake" was withdrawn from the stage at Wade's Opera-house on the 12th, and to-morrow night the interest will be centred in the appearance of Miss Alice Kingsbury in "Fanchon." On the 21st, the Fabbri Company, which has been strengthened by Wachtel the tenor and Jacob Muelder the baritone, will begin an opera season of three nights, weekly.....The Oates Opera-bouffe Troupe begins an engagement at Maguire's Theatre on the 14th with "Giroflé-Girofla." The company has been reorganized, and since it was here last year it is said to be improved in quality. The minstrels at the Opera-house have drawn excellent audiences throughout the week. Jolly Nichols, who has become a favorite, is to remain in the company for some time. New accessions are to be made to the minstrel force during this and next week in Johnny De Angelis, Cotgrave Rice and Arlington.....Lina Edwin and Blake Holt are playing in "Fra Diavolo" at the Bella Union Theatre to large business.....The opening of Baldwin's New Theatre on March 1 draws near, which may properly occur on the 28th, will be attended by the production of a comedy not as yet selected. The nucleus of the company will be formed by the now playing in the interior under the leadership of Jas. O'Neill. Mr. Barry Sullivan's appearance will take place in March.....Charles Vivian the comic singer has arrived in this city after a long absence in the country.....Herrmann the magician is at Virginia City.

FROM BOSTON, Mass., our correspondent reports amusements as follows, writing on Feb. 19:

"The Two Roses" was brought out at the Globe on Monday evening, with George Honey in his original role of Our Mr Jenkins. The drama has been previously seen in Boston at the Museum, where it enjoyed quite a run some few years ago. It has, however, a fair share of dramatic novelty, save in the fact that Mr. Honey was to appear in a new part. His performance of the commercial traveler was exceedingly amusing, and, although plainly marked with his own peculiar personality, it was quite a success. Owen Marlowe appeared as the blind organist Bob Deeds, and was quite good, while J. C. Cowper as Digby Grant gave an admirable portraiture, excelling in acting and general make-up. It is in parts like this that Mr. Cowper always appears at his very best. H. S. Murdoch was Mr. Honey's colonial friend, while Katherine Rogers and Miss Maud Granger were charming as the Two Roses, the pretty heroines of the drama. To-night "Othello" is to be given with Miss Granger as Desdemona, Miss Rogers as Emilia, Mr. Cowper as Othello, and Mr. Lanergan as Iago. Next (this) week "Our Boys" is to be revived for a single week, and on Feb. 28 Mr. Murdoch is to appear as Romeo to Miss Rogers' Juliet. March 6, the Kirafly's produce "Around the World in Eighty Days."..... E. A. Sothern reappeared at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 14 in his favorite character impersonation of Dundreary in "Our American Cousin" before a very fair audience, and has played the same character all the rest of the week. He is to appear as David Garrick for his second and last week. "The Long Strike" will be given at the matinee 22.....At the Museum Montague closes his engagement this afternoon, to-night the house is to be occupied by an amateur organization called the Park Dramatic Club, who are to enact "Love's Sacrifice" for the benefit of the New England Hospital for Women and Children. Feb. 21 "The Captain of the Watch" and Byron's latest success are now running in London and called "Tottles," will be brought out.....Thomas Barry's funeral took place at St James' Church, Roxon Highlands, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the Rev. Phillips Brooks officiating. There was a large attendance, especially from among professionals, and the ceremony was touching in the extreme. The floral offerings were beautiful ones, and had been sent by sympathizing friends, and there were several very beautiful designs. The day was a beautiful one, bright and sunny.

OUR CHICAGO, ILL., correspondent, under date of Feb. 15, thus reports amusements in that city:

At Wood's Museum the stock company produced, on Feb. 14, for the first time on any stage, an emotional Centennial drama in five acts, by Charles Thornton and Richmond C. Hill, entitled "Devotion," with the following cast:

Squire Lester Franklyn	L. L. James
Sergeant Copeland	Frank Mayo
Hugh De Lacy	C. McManus
Gen. Schuyler	Chas. Dade
Col. Melville	E. Morrison
Capt. Burley	J. L. Hazen
Capt. De Lacy	John Wilson
Corporal Hodge	J. F. Ryan
Black Diamond	R. C. Hill
Pollie Margaret	Miss Roberts
Sergt. Barney Ryan	Joseph Whitaker
Flapjack	Dame Hartig
Miss Robinson	

The scene of the drama is laid in Virginia in 1776, and contains several fine situations, tableaux and effects. The story is as follows: Margaret De Lacy, daughter of Hugh De Lacy, a zealous Tory, marries—much against her father's will—Squire Lester Franklyn, who holds a very responsible position on the staff of Washington. The rising of the curtain discovers husband and wife at home, and Franklyn about to take leave of his wife to carry some important dispatches from Washington. He departs from the room for a few moments, and, while absent, Hugh De Lacy appears, and tries to induce his daughter, Margaret, to leave her husband, but she refuses. Franklyn returns to fly with him to the protection of the King's army. Margaret, however, will not listen to this proposal, and entreats her father to fly, as he is in danger of being captured as a British spy. He refuses. A stormy scene ensues, in which De Lacy disowns his daughter, and manages to secure, without detection, the important dispatches which lie in a sealed packet on the table. Having obtained the papers he leaves the room at the moment that Lester Franklyn enters the apartment by another door, and immediately discovers the loss of the dispatches. He questions his wife as to who has been in the apartment, and, although she does not deny that somebody has been there during her husband's absence, the instincts of filial duty prompt her to conceal his name until her father has had time to escape. In the meantime Colonel Marville enters the apartment, is informed of the loss of the dispatches, and immediately places Franklyn under arrest as an accomplice of the thief. This closes the first act. The second act is occupied with the escape of Franklyn from the ship in which he is confined, awaiting the execution of that sentence of death passed upon him by a court-martial for alleged complicity in the loss of the dispatches. He makes his escape by jumping through a porthole into the water, and, the guard having fired upon him, and having seen him sink beneath the waves, everybody, with the exception of Dr. Maritone, who has aided him to escape, and his wife, believe him dead, and think themselves rid of him about him. In a scene in the camp of the American army, Lester Franklyn appears, disguised as Sergeant Copeland. Margaret comes to the camp and informs him that General Schuyler will, on the following day, make a personal inspection of the soldiers in the camp with the object of discovering a traitor whom he has reason to believe is among them; that Franklyn's identity will be discovered, and implores him to fly. The General, however, who arrives sooner than expected, appears on the scene at this point, and, seeing Colonel Lomax and Margaret in an explanation of this breach of discipline of the officer in charge—Colonel Marville. This officer has heretofore made himself particularly obnoxious to Franklyn and Margaret, and, seeing, as he thinks, an opportunity to place the latter in his power, answers the General that the lady is his affianced wife, and appeals to Margaret to corroborate his assertion. Margaret, knowing that it is the only way to secure her husband's safety, answers in the affirmative, and Franklyn, who knows Marville to be an old suitor for Margaret's hand, is nearly wild with jealousy, while she, having in mind her husband's safety only, answers his ravings by completely disowning all knowledge of who he is. In the fourth act Franklyn, still disguised as Sergeant Copeland, comes to seek an explanation of his wife, and, discovering on the table a letter, bursting: "My dear Colonel Marville," will listen to nothing which Margaret has to say in her defence, but at length, however, pacifies him, and assures him of her loyalty, and at this point Colonel Marville appears and demands the fulfillment of Margaret's promise to marry him. This she refuses, telling him that she never intended to keep the promise, and this avowal leads Marville to use very insulting language to Margaret, whereupon Franklyn becomes infuriated, and, upon Marville, and there ensues a fierce fight; but Marville shows the white feather, and declines to fight without first knowing by what right Sergeant Copeland constitutes himself the champion of the lady. Franklyn thereupon declares his identity, and Marville calls upon the guard to arrest him as a spy. This act obtains many fine situations, and calls for some fine efforts on the part of the personators of the characters of Franklyn and Margaret. The scene of the fifth act is General Schuyler's headquarters, and discovers that gentleman holding a court-martial on the subject of Lester Franklyn's supposed disloyalty. He is about to be convicted, when Margaret appears with the missing dispatches, together with other papers, which seriously implicate Marville. All these her father had given her to keep in safety for him, supposing her ignorant of their contents; and De Lacy himself, appearing upon the scene at this juncture, wounded and dying, makes a confession which sets at rest all doubts of Lester Franklyn's loyalty, and shows Colonel Marville to be a traitor of the deepest dye, and he is forthwith placed under arrest. Thus terminate the vicissitudes of the Franklyns. In the production of the piece the parts were all well dressed, and the mounting generally creditable. L. L. James in the double part of Lester Franklyn and Sergeant Copeland called forth many enthusiastic rounds of applause. Miss May Roberts as Margaret gave a very finished and effective rendering. Hugh De Lacy by C. A. McManus was a very thorough and careful portraiture. The other characters were all smoothly and creditably done. "Little Barefoot" has been produced at the off-day matinees, and the business has been excellent. At the close of each performance Ada and Charles Costello appeared in a fine trapeze act, and won considerable applause. Mrs. Marshall, the pedestrian, is on exhibition in the Museum department.....At McVicker's Theatre the Florences closed 19 a very successful season. J. T. Raymond begins 21.

MUSICAL.

"SMILE FOR ME YOUR SWEETEST SMILE," one of the latest songs, issued by Louis Meyer, is that becoming popularized. Any professional will receive a copy free by applying to the advertised address.

ROE STEPHENS announces in his card three new serio-comic songs: "When Johnnie Came Courtin'-o' Me," "Wanted," and "He's Not the Man for Me."

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who plays in brass, is at liberty to engage for the Summer season. See "Crescendo" card.

G. H. ROWE of Boston advertises that he has just published "When the Moonbeams Gently Fall" as a quickstep for street-marching.

J. M. HAY, leader of orchestra, E-flat or trombone player, whose address find in another column, can be engaged.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB and the Temple Quartet of Boston gave a concert on the 14th inst. at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on which occasion they were assisted by Miss E. A. Humphreys, an excellent soprano, also of Boston. The attendance was large.

BLIND TOM gave concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Feb. 17, 18 and 19, and at a matinee on the last-mentioned date, meeting with a fair share of patronage.

THE WILLOW GLEE of Philadelphia gave their sixth annual concert on the 17th inst. at the Handel and Haydn Hall, in that city.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB of Philadelphia, in conjunction with the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, gave a concert at Musical Fund Hall, in the former city, on the 17th inst., which attracted a large audience, Miss Emily Butman being the soloist on this occasion.

MME. MINNIE ROHEM had a testimonial concert at Maennerchor Hall, Philadelphia, on the 18th inst.

THE ART MALE SINGING SOCIETY of Philadelphia gave their second concert this season on the 19th at Musical Fund Hall, in that city.

THE MAENNERCHOR of Philadelphia, in conjunction with the leading New York and Baltimore singing societies, is arranging a grand Saengerfest for next Summer in the first-named city, of which Professor William Wolsieffer will be the chief conductor.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY of Philadelphia, now in their twenty-first year, will give their second concert this season on the 25th inst., at Horticultural Hall, in that city.

THEODORE THOMAS will, during the Centennial season, occupy the capacious grounds attached to the Forrest Mansion, Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia, as a Summer concert-garden. He has engaged the services of F. G. Cauffman to organize a grand chorus.

BILSE'S CELEBRATED ORCHESTRA, from Berlin, will visit Philadelphia during the Summer, instead of St. Petersburg, as has been its general custom.

THEO. THOMAS' ORCHESTRA will take part in the opening ceremonies at the Centennial, and, in addition to a large chorus, Mr. Roosevelt of New York will contribute a handsome and powerful organ, so that a choral performance will be given in an adequate style.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will open at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on Feb. 21, when the comic opera of "The Brewer of Preston" will be presented for the first time in that city.

THE BARNABEE CONCERT COMPANY are to give concerts in Richmond, Va., Feb. 23, 24.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD and troupe gave concerts at Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 17, to an appreciative audience, and Steubenville, O., 18. Route: Pittsburg, Pa., 21, 22, Williamsport 23, Lancaster 24.

THE KELLOGG-ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE concluded a moderately successful week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Feb. 19. They appeared in "Martha," "Maritana," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lily of Killarney," "Il Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl," and portions of "Ernani" and "Rose of Castille." The only large house of the week was on Friday, the occasion of Miss Kellogg's benefit, when the theatre was crowded. The company will sing at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, during the present week.

BOGAN'S PROFESSIONAL BANJOS can be obtained at his advertised address.

"HILDEBRANDT MONTROSE," "Pull Down the Blind," and all the favorite songs of the day can be purchased in ten-cent form. See Harding's card.

F. STRIEBOEN, leader of orchestra with Wildman's Comedy Company, can be addressed care of this office.

A PIANIST, who must also be a good singer, is wanted by J. J. Greenbrier, who advertises.

LEE MOORMAN, E and B-flat cornet player, advertises for an engagement.

MISS E. HUMPHREYS and the Mendelsson Quintet Club of Boston gave an entertainment to light business at Reading Pa., Feb. 15.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are announced to play at Braham's Sunday-night concerts at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., Georgie Dean is said to also performs harp and cornet soloist at these concerts.

THE TITIENS ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY gave four performances in Baltimore, Md., during last week. The Academy of Music was well filled upon each occasion.....The Kellogg Company return to the Academy of Music on the 21st for one week.

JULIA MATHEWS' TROUPE commenced a week's season at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 14 to a fair house.

A LADY SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST, lady organist, two B flat and one E flat cornet-player are wanted for Ryder's Swiss Bellringers. See card.

DAN ALLSUP, orchestra and band leader, publishes a card from Maurice Pike, late manager Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., recommending him to the consideration of managers as a first-class musical director.

A LADY BALLAD SINGER and musicians are wanted for Mlle. Bertie's Female Minstrels. See advertisement.

A VIOLIN-PLAYER, who also plays baritone and tenor in brass, desires an engagement with a circus. See M. Hester's card.

MLLE. EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM, Clara Perl, and German-opera Company sang "Faust" in Brooklyn Feb. 15.

VARIETY HALLS.

FRANK HARRINGTON, John Bowman, Tierney and Cronin, the Hugheses—Andy and Annie—Eloise Allen, Lottie Brown, and the Bennett Sisters were the specialties presented to the company at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 14. The Dutch selections of Mr. Harrington were acceptably rendered, and Bowman is a negro comedian of fair abilities. The songs-and-dances of Tierney and Cronin were several times redemanded. The Hugheses appeared to advantage in their Irish character sketches. The banjo-playing of Allen were more than ordinarily meritorious, and the lady's efforts were applauded. The songs of Miss Brown were pleasing, as also were the dances of the Bennett Sisters. The Female Minstrels were revived at the same time. Mlle. D'Atalie, two children and assistant, go from here to California to join Montgomery Queen's Circus.....to Washburn's Last Sensation was seen by large assemblages at the Academy of Music Feb. 14, 15. Those participating in the performances were in part as follows: Gussie Crayton, James Mass, Joe Corton, W. W. Washburn, Kate Richfield, Mlle. Viola, Ella Davis, Gerrald Brothers—Eddie and Willie—Washburn Brothers—Willie and Leon—W. S. Shedman, James Hearne, John Fitzgerald, John Winfield, Master Rice, Ellis, Ryan, Petrie Goshau, and a troupe of Indians. The features introduced were generally received with favor. Mr. Norton joined the company at this place, but shortly afterwards left, and went to Cleveland, O. The troupe performed in Steubenville, O., Feb. 17, Zanesville 18, Newark 19, and are billed in Xenia 21, Springfield 22, Hamilton 23, Dayton 24, Delaware 25, Urbana 26, Columbus 28, 29. Correspondence dated Feb. 18.

HETWOOD AND THOMPSON, Tom Murray and Miss Henrietta and La Petite Winnie put in an appearance at the Adelphi, Albany, N. Y., Feb. 14. The first couple appear to be quite clever in their business, and speedily became favorites. Tom Murray and Henrietta, in an Irish act, also met with approval. Later Murray sang Irish songs, and Henrietta gave a song-and-dance, both acquitting themselves creditably. La Petite Winne, a chubby little girl about ten years of age, danced a jig with considerable precision. Her dancing was well received, as was also Moss, Florentine. Advices of Feb. 18.

CLARK BROS., in their musical acts, have been re-engaged at the Olympic Theatre, New York.

AT LAUDNER'S MILITARY HALL, Philadelphia, the Boissett Brothers, Eddy Weaver, Miss Lou Edwards, and Miss. Leroux and Mlle. Estelle were the chief attractions for the week ending Feb. 19, during which the attendance continued good.

THE PERFORMING BEAR JULIA, used by Julian Kent in his drama of "Wild Bill," at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 12, was stolen on the evening of the 15th inst. from the Allegheny House, in that city, but was found the next morning in the cellar of a house on Evilina street, and returned to its owner, D. J. Simmons of Cincinnati, who left on the 16th inst. for Chicago.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 19, an excellent attendance was noticeable. Maggie and Billy Ray, Wayne and Lovely, and Charles T. Ellis were the new faces. Maggie and Billy Ray appeared in a finished and highly natural plantation sketch, entitled "Uncle Eph's Birthday;" Wayne and Lovely met with a hearty welcome in their cleverly-rendered songs-and-dances; and Chas T. Ellis, a capital Dutch comedian, with a budget of new songs, turned his comic powers to account with much satisfaction to his audiences. The sensational drama of "Calderon the Castle-burner," concluded the performance, and afforded Messrs. George W. Thompson, Jacques Kruger, Harry Richmond, and Miss Sallie Apt an admirable opportunity for the display of their dramatic ability. The sketches of "The Rivals" and "The Jolly Coopers" introduced the full strength of the comic talent of this company, Bob Harrison, Billy Emmett, Billy Carroll, Harry Richmond and Geo. B. Radcliff evoking the most merriment. The Claire Sisters and the Pholtes closed Feb. 19. Lurline the "Water Queen," Watson the "Man Fish," and Cassim and Fritz commence engagements on Feb. 21.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fine business during the past week. The new arrivals Feb. 13 were John Williams, the Winner Sisters, and Washington T. Melville in the sensational drama of "On the Watch, or the Shadow of Death." A favorable reception was accorded all the newcomers. The departures 19 were W. T. Melville, the Fieldings, and Venus and Adonis. The announcements for 21 are Geo. K. Fortesque, the Pholtes, the Stuart Sisters, Aubrey and Moulton, Denny O'Neill, the doorkeeper, is announced for a complimentary benefit March 3.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 13 were Burt Clark, Minnie Seamon, and the Robinson Family, who appeared in songs-and-dances, and in the same line made their own music with a banjo, harp and violin. Business has been very good. Closing 19: Manchester and Jennings, to Cincinnati; Baby Bindley, to New York; Haley Brothers, St. Felix Ballet Troupe and Burt Clark. To open 20: Seamon and Somers, Den Thompson and Mollie Wilson.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS is given up to the 18th by our correspondent, as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the new people this week have been Murphy and Mack, Crimmins Brothers, George Morton, Lizzie Aldine, Flora Leontine, E. B. Dalton, Annie Glenn and Sam Cole. Murphy and Mack in their specialties made a very favorable impression, as did the Crimmins Brothers in triple songs-and-dances. George Morton is a fair banjoist of the old school. Sam Cole succeeded in pleasing in Ethiopian specialties. Lizzie Aldine and Flora Leontine appeared as dancers in the cancan. Prof. Dalton appeared as Gilbert in "The Idiot Witness," with Annie Glenn as Janet, and, judging by their receptions, they are the right persons in the right place. In consequence of the illness of Kate Bilsand, Minna Emma Libby was engaged to perform Dame Tugscell, and she was warmly remembered by those who had seen her as a member of the company of J. Holmes Grover several years ago. The female-minstrel scene and the cancan were still kept on the programme. Business has been large. Departures 19: Annie Braddon and the Victorellis, for Baltimore; Glenn and Williams, to Dixie Doyle, for Cleveland. Announced for 21: Manchester and Jennings, Harrington and McGlene, and Frank Mara, together with the drama of 'Sweeney Todd.'.....At the Metropolitan the new appearances this week have been Prof. Francis Norton in juggling feats, and Ida Meyers, vocalist and dancer. W. Berk, Jeff Graham, the Clinton Blacksmith,' was the principal feature of the programme. Business has been fair. The departures 19 are to be Sheppard and Whitney, Sheffer and Nelson, Billy Maloney and Mabel Grey. Announced for the 21st: Venus and Adonis, and Mobley and Clifton."

SHERIDAN & MACK'S COMBINATION, under Manager Mihalley, is to perform in Reading Pa., Feb. 22, Lancaster 23, Columbia 24, Allentown 25, Bethlehem 26, Pottsville 28, Norristown 29, Wilmington, Del., March 1.

ED. P. BAITT, pantomime clown, contortionist, horizontal-bar performer, etc., is open for an engagement with either a circus or a variety show. See card.

FIRST-CLASS TALENT is wanted at Military Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., as per advertisement of Stage-manager A. Leroux.

BOBBY NEWCOMB, song-and-dance artist, in his card in another column, informs the profession that he has cancelled a new sketch in his repertory, entitled "The Empty Sleeve." It will shortly be produced by Messrs. Newcomb and Eugene. See advertisement.

"MANAGER" advertises for two girls to work together in specialties and farces.

FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT is wanted at Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass. See card.

HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION was at Peoria, Ill., Feb. 17, La Salle 18, Joliet 19, Michigan City, Ind., 21, and are to show at South Bend 22, Elkhart 23, Chicago 24, 25, 26. This combination has met with encouraging success during its Western tour, as will be seen by extracts from Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin journals published in our business department.

P. H. SEAMON, clown and comic vocalist, now performing at the Vaudeville, San Antonio, Texas, where he can be addressed, can be engaged with traveling combinations or for a circus.

CHARLES LEROUX, ceiling-walker and trapeze artist, advertises for an engagement.

THE LATE J. L. DAVIS' troupe of eight educated dogs are offered for sale by John Clyne, whose address find in another column.

A FIRST-CLASS IRISH COMEDIAN, vocalist and dancer is wanted for Prof. MacEvoy's Erinopticon. See card.

THE CARTER BROTHERS, in their drill and sword combat specialty, have open time intended to J. Heneage Carter's card in our business department. They open at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., March 6.

AT THE COMIQUE, Williamsburg, the newcomers this week are to be Virginia Stickney, Bryant and Walton, Fred Hart, J. H. Graham, Georgie Melnotte, James Clooney.

JOHN FRIELS of McCullough and Friels, Irish sketch artists, died in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15. He had been before the public but a short time, and with his partner fulfilled an engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, in this city, a few weeks ago. He gave much promise of future excellence in his profession.

"JOHN A. THOMPSON," a variety performer and stage-manager, and who occasionally acted with dramatic companies, died after an illness of nearly five months in Chicago, Ill., on the 17th inst., aged 24 years and 6 months. We are indebted for this information to S. A. Fitch of North Brookfield, N. Y.

THOMAS WALTERS, Dutch and Ethiopian comedian, died in Williamsburg, L. I., at eleven o'clock on the night of Feb. 18.

THE variety at Meyer's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the past week included the Misses Emma Brennan, Josie Warner, Ada Clifford, Nellie Le Marr, Little Lillian, Mlle. Rosetta, Laura Devere, Sallie St. Clair, Alice McAllister, Messrs. Hughey Haggerty, John E. Ince, W. H. Davis, Frank Goldie, Bobby Daly, Billy Devere, J. H. Stevens, and James Porter, stage-manager.

MYRON H. PARMELEE and Edna Laurent, burlesque artists, whose address find in another column, can be engaged. They are highly recommended by Manager Paul Edwards of Toledo, O.

PROF. NELL SMITH and dogs, now performing in this city, can be arranged with for the tenting season. See card.

AT MOORE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Youngstown, Pa., the departures Feb. 19 were Lew Cavana, to Akron, O.; May Marshall, to Toledo; and Master Johnnie Wilson, destination unknown. The arrivals 21 are Miss Laura Flint and Charles Bell.

PARTIES desiring instruction in the trapeze business are referred to Ripley's advertisement in this issue.

SAM. DEVERE publishes a list of his songs, which he advertises as copyrighted, and forbids any party from using the same without his permission.

MYLES MOORES, Irish comedian, vocalist and sketch-artist, etc., closes his engagement at the Parisian Varieties, this city, on the 26th. He advertises that he is open for engagements.

CHAS. H. CLARKE, the new comedian at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., who is said to be meeting with favor, was a member of Wm. B. English's company at the National Theatre in 1858.

THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., has presented Western and Walling, Jennie Hughes, Maggie Grey, Emil Gorcux, Sam Martin, Louis and Pauline Parry, Sam Devere, Scanlan and Cronin and E. T. Stetson.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Peoria, Ill., will be opened Feb. 24. This is a new place of amusement, and the proprietors are Burbridge, White & Co. Those already engaged for the opening are Gus De Rois, Frank Wood, Clara Vane, Jennie Oates, Minnie Melville and Minnie and Billy Homer. First-class performers are advertised for.

THE NEWCOMERS at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 14 were Lizzie Nelson and Little Bessie, Frank Drew, and the Garretta Troupe, comprising Mlle. Garretta, Ed. Monta, Young Apollo and Little Valentine, also Adrienne Gray. Miss Gray was scarcely heard of here before this, her first, engagement in Buffalo; but, now that she has been heard, the verdict is highly complimentary to her. She is a decided favorite. Closing 19: Frank Drew, to Chicago; Garretta Troupe, to Cincinnati;

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One elephant and eight cages of well-assorted animals, including Herr Paul Schrott's Performing Den of Lions, the best in the United States. Cages all finely painted, and animals fat.
Also for sale, a complete circus outfit, pad-horses, ponies and trick mules, canvas, seats, wardrobe, and a full set of baggage wagons, advertising and ticket wagons, all in fine condition, ready for the road.
This circus property can be bought cheap for cash or good paper.
A fine pair of young lions, 12 months old, for sale cheap.
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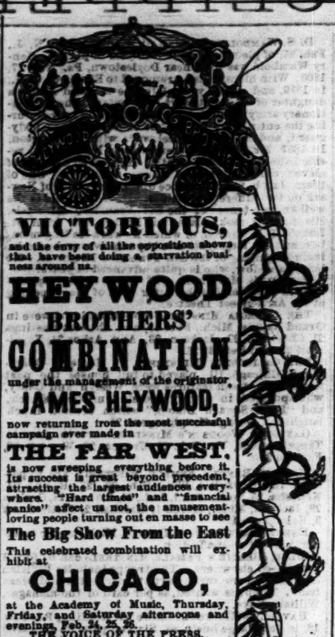

VICTORIOUS,
and the envy of all the opposition shows that have been doing a starvation business around us.

HEYWOOD BROTHERS'
COMBINATION
under the management of the originator,
JAMES HEYWOOD,
now returning from the most successful campaign ever made in
THE FAR WEST,
is now sweeping everything before it. Its success is great beyond precedent, attracting the largest audiences everywhere. "Hard times" and "financial panics" affect us not, the amusement-loving people turning out en masse to see
The Big Show From the East
This celebrated combination will exhibit at
CHICAGO,
at the Academy of Music, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons and evenings, Feb. 24, 25, 26.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

MILWAUKEE DAILY SENTINEL OF FEB. 5 says: The manager of the HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION evidently has brains. While a large number of excellent companies have performed to slim houses, he has insured a large attendance, and he gives a show well worth the money. The Opera-house was filled, and the audience seemed very well pleased.

THE MILWAUKEE DAILY COMMERCIAL TIMES says: The HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION presents one of the pleasantest entertainments we have seen in a long time.

OMAHA (NEB.) HERALD of Dec. 30 says: The HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION performed at the Academy of Music, and, though strangers to Omaha, were greeted with a full house, and were well received.

DES MOINES (IOWA) STATE REGISTER of Dec. 31 says: Notwithstanding the rainy weather and muddy streets, the HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION had a large audience at the Opera-house. Their programme is a varied one, and is very attractive, and their actors are first-class.

HANNIBAL (MISSOURI) CLIPPER says: The HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION entertained the largest audience that we have seen at any entertainment in Hannibal, and the verdict of each and all was: "The best we have ever seen."

COUNCIL BLUFFS (IOWA) DAILY GLOBE of Dec. 28 says: The HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION was received by a full house last night. Those that Council Bluffs has been overrun with good entertainments, the success of the Heywood Brothers appears rather surprising, especially as they were "strangers in these parts." The applause which they frequently received was well earned and well deserved. 48-1t

SMILE FOR ME YOUR SWEETEST SMILE.

IT IS SUNG WITH SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED
by Mr. Dixon of the Haverly Minstrels, by Mr. George Harley of Simmons, Slocum & Sweatnam's Minstrels, by Miss Josephine Baker of Dockstader's Minstrels, by Lou Edwards of Female Minstrels, by Miss Susie Winner; also played with variations by Hassler's Orchestra at the Chestnut-street Theatre, and by the orchestra of the Arch-street Theatre, and will shortly be sung by Miss Harold of the Chestnut-street Theatre, by Mrs. T. A. Creese of the Walnut-street Theatre, and by the Carncross & Dixey Minstrels.

This beautiful song-and-chorus, although out but a few weeks, has already gained a popularity usually requiring years. The words are by Frank H. Wade, and the music by Ralph Roland. Price, 35cts. Any professional singer will receive a copy free by sending card.
48-1t] LOUIS MEYER, 1,413 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

TO SHOW COMPANIES

going South. If you will give Pulaski, Tenn., a call, I warrant we will give you good rates, and treat you all O. K. We have a splendid hall here. Yours truly,
D. A. BRIDGES, Manager Alamo House.
JOHN T. STEELE, Proprietor.
Anetto Hall, Pulaski, Tenn.

WAY DOWN IN DIXIE.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS,
who are here on a tour of the Southern States, played in Pulaski, Tenn., and the Opera-house was crowded from pit to dome. They desire to hereby tender their thanks for the courtesies shown them on that occasion, and specially to Mr. D. L. Bridges, the proprietor of the Alamo House, whose endeavor to make our limited stay a pleasant one was a noticeable exception. We cordially recommend all traveling patrons to the
ALAMO HOUSE,
where they will find every effort made to make their stay an agreeable one. HARRY ROBINSON,
48-1t Proprietor Harry Robinson's Minstrels.

THE MONARCH.
The Great and only Song-and-dance man in the world,
BOBBY NEWCOMB,
BOBBY NEWCOMB,
has just added to his unequaled repertoire a companion picture to his celebrated act of "SWEETHEARTS," an entirely new sketch, entitled,
THE EMPTY SLEEVE.
THE EMPTY SLEEVE,
which will shortly be produced and performed at Carncross & Dixey's Varieties, Philadelphia, by BOBBY NEWCOMB and THE GREAT EUGENE.
N. B.—I would inform the fiends and owls of our honorable profession that an act written and performed by Messrs. Harrigan and Hart, entitled THE BLUE AND GRAY, suggested the above sketch to the author; but as it in no way whatever plagiarizes the beautiful act of the artists herein mentioned, I hasten to draw the teeth of venomous and brainless idiots by acknowledging a truth before they circulate a lie. Address BOBBY NEWCOMB, Author and Comedian, Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa. 48-1t*

FOR SALE.
One gray pad or bareback mare, Lady Alice, warranted sound and without a fault; has almost always been ridden by a lady; price, five hundred dollars. She is very pretty, never shies, and is only eight years old. One large bay horse, good for a commersault act for a gentleman; warranted sound, is very pretty, and runs without pad as well as with; is eleven years old and never shies; price, three hundred dollars. One bay manege horse, has always been ridden by me; very fine; will teach lady to ride him; price, five hundred dollars. Reason for selling; I have no use for them. Address MRS. D. N. ROBINSON, nee Mrs. Emma Lake, No. 10 Ninth street, Cincinnati, O. 48-4t

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JOHN AND WILLIAM
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IN THEIR SPECIALITIES, VIZ.,
ACROBATS AND DOUBLE FIDDLES COMIQUE,
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ADVANCE AGENT.
AT LIBERTY AFTER MARCH 1, 1876.
HAD LONG EXPERIENCE; BEST REFERENCES.
48-1t* Address Everett House, East Saginaw, Mich.

NEW BRASS-BAND MUSIC, arranged from Gorman & Ronay's celebrated character song "When the Moonbeams Gently Fall," a rousing quickstep for street-marching. Beautiful melody, with B-flat bass and baritone solo. "The Adelia Waltz," easy and pretty, with baritone solo. Either selection can be played with effect with from eight to sixteen instruments. Price, each, $1. The above can be had ONLY of G. H. ROWE, Band Arranger and Dealer, 478 Washington st., Boston, Mass. 48-1t*

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RICHARD RIVERS
AND FAMILY, INCLUDING
MLLE. VIOLA,
the highly accomplished pirouette and backward equestrienne, and LITTLE CHARLEY, the tiniest rider in America, can be engaged for the coming season. Business: riding in all its branches, two ring horses included.
Address BOOTH'S PRINTING OFFICE,
48-1t* 201 Centre street, New York City.

MISS HATTIE ELLIS AND
PERFORMING DOGS.
SCRANTON, PA.
MISS ELLIS and dogs have played a very successful engagement at my theatre. I consider them the best I have ever seen, and recommend them to managers as being a DRAWING CARD.
HARRY FOX, Proprietor Germania Theatre.
WANTED TO BUY, a couple of Bear Cubs. Address ANDY SCOTT, care of CLIPPER. 48-1t*

PARTNER WANTED.
I can lease at a low figure a complete canvas outfit, and want a partner with 250 dollars. Shall run a good company, and 25 cents admission; take good country, and be first to pitch tent in that section. Expenses will average 30 dollars a day. Is not a circus. A good investment, and promises well. Responsible parties, address
48-1t* F. W. HICKS, Boston, Mass.

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SILVER-PLATED WARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AND QUALITY.
Casters, three different styles, $7.50 to $8.50 per doz. Ice Pitchers, $2.50, $3 and upward. Send for price-list.
MANHATTAN SILVER PLATE CO.,
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CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE
THREE PHOITES,
LA JOLIE GROTESQUE DANCERS
AND
CONTORTIONISTS.
RE-ENGAGED EVERYWHERE.
Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, one week; Globe Theatre, New York, Feb. 28, two weeks; Howard Athenæum, Boston, March 13, two weeks. [48-1t*

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THE ONLY SHOW PAINTER,
is now prepared to receive orders for Spring (as early application will prevent disappointment)
AT HIS MAMMOTH STUDIO,
321 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TAKE NOTICE.
THE SECRET PROCESS
of Show Painting practiced by him for over twenty-eight years, by which he is enabled to produce
THE MOST BRILLIANT EFFECTS COMBINED WITH THE GREATEST DURABILITY,
is known only to himself, and any unprincipled parties misleading the managers regarding the same will be prosecuted according to law. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Take Court-street cars at Fulton Ferry (they pass the door, 321). A few minutes from ferry. 8 1t*

CIRCUS MANAGERS
—AND—
SIDE SHOWMEN
TAKE NOTICE.
SIMPSON'S
PATENT FLYING HORSES
The Greatest Invention of the Age. It is neither turned by Crank nor Horse, but
A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE CAN REVOLVE IT
While sitting with the passengers and riding around with them at the same time, like a Boy working a Velocipede, at the speed of a Mile in Five Minutes, if necessary.
It can be put up in Half-an-Hour
And taken down in half-an-hour, and the whole concern don't weigh over 700 POUNDS. A double team can carry TWO MACHINES over the road easily, and the cost of running them is only $4.00 per day for each Machine. The Patentee intends to send this season with all Circus Companies traveling, Two of these Machines, so that all parties who have privileges will have the first refusal. LIBERAL SHARING TERMS will be made. The Patentee don't want to send out Siders with it if possible. Parties can make from $2,000 to $5,000 per season on each Machine. Send for Circulars and other particulars. Address
R. F. SIMPSON,
706 N. Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
46-6t

TO CIRCUS AND VARIETY MANAGERS.
ED. P. BRITT
PANTOMIME CLOWN
CONTORTIONIST
HAVE SIX WOOD-CUTS. LOTS OF OPEN DATES. [48-1t

NOTICE TO MANAGERS AND THE PROFESSION AT LARGE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1876.
For the sum of $——— I hereby assign the ENTIRE RIGHT to play my drama of
TRAIL OF THE SERPENT
to JACQUES KRUGER, by the payment of which it becomes his sole property. All rights any others MAY HAVE HAD have been revoked. (Signed)
J. McGLOSKEY, author.
All communications must be addressed to
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GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE,
47-2t Philadelphia, Pa.

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